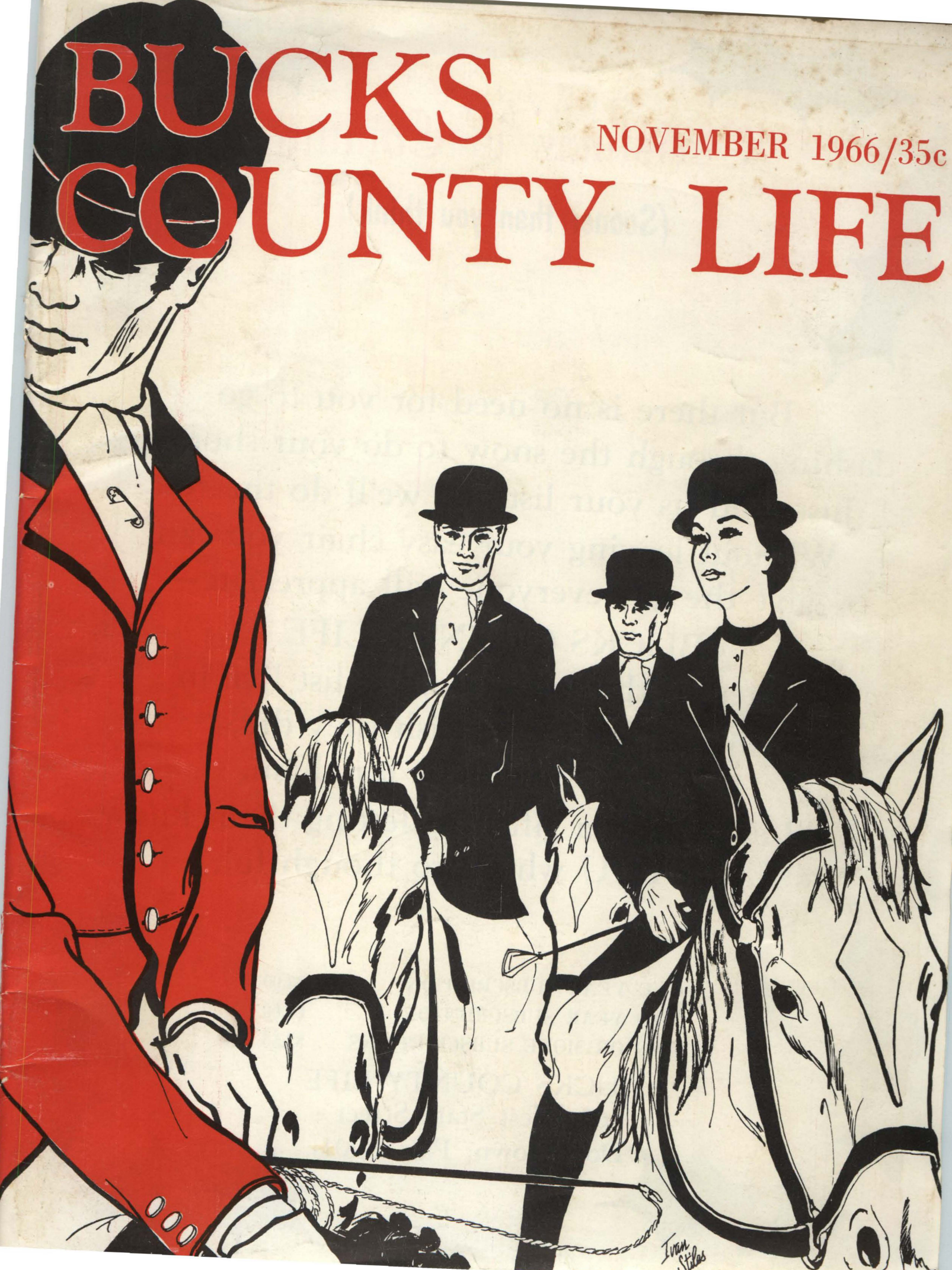
BUCKS COUNTY LIFE

NOVEMBER 1966/35c



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65 West State Street
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OUR COVER

Frank Ivan Stiles, one of our most popular cover artists, returns this month with this elegant hunt scene.

As I Was Saying...

I am always fascinated by the fact that each of us has his own pet subject of interest. And these interests are not lukewarm, token displays, but full-blown hobbies and part time work. To many of us, our work is our hobby and I guess we are the lucky ones. My hobby is being with people, writing about them and just being an editor. Others go for the more active kind of hobby, like the handsome people on our cover. I think horses are nice animals but never in my wildest moment would I be found astride one of them galloping over hill and dale. On the other hand, those who do ride them may turn green at the thought of facing this typewriter and its accompanying sheet of blank paper that must be filled with intelligible words. But that is my point. We all have such wonderfully different interests and to each of us, that is *the* greatest thing in the world.

For instance, it is beyond my comprehension how a man can arise at 4 A.M. to pursue an elusive fish or stalk a cunning deer but I must remember that the same fellow probably considers my affinity for writing an absolute bore! Or take the golfer who on week days can barely make it to work on time but on weekends is the first guy on the course. It's the interest that makes the difference. What we really want to do, we do, and in this regard we are all so different.

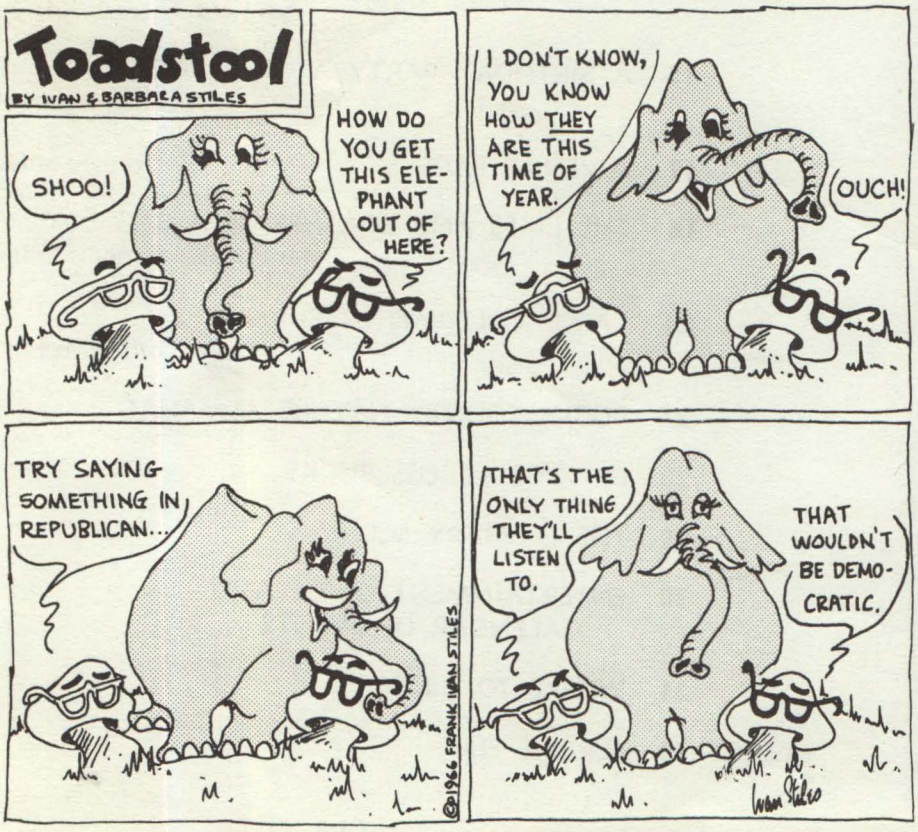
However, we do seem to flock together, and there are hundreds of clubs to prove that statement. We writers get together once a month to discuss our trade. Now, that meeting would be enough to drive a sportsman to drink and yet, how many of us writers could sit through one of their bull sessions?

This all goes to prove how lucky we are to be allowed to express ourselves; to be able to meet with others who share our interests; to learn from each other and to savor the joys of being with those who understand us. For this, I am thankful. Aren't you?

Did you ever consider how dull our existence would be if we were all the same? Did you ever imagine a world full of people with common interests and with no one to bring a fresh breath of thinking into the multitude? I have, and the thought of such a world makes me glad that I live where we can congregate with others of our craft.

All people are not so lucky. As Americans we are guaranteed the right to be individuals and no computer can take that away. Why complain about Zip codes and numerical dialing or the fear of becoming a number? No one who has something to offer to others will ever be just a number. Such a thing is not possible. No machine can ever replace what people have to give other people and nothing is more fascinating than the wonderful differences that set us apart. Happy Thanksgiving.

Kay Henry



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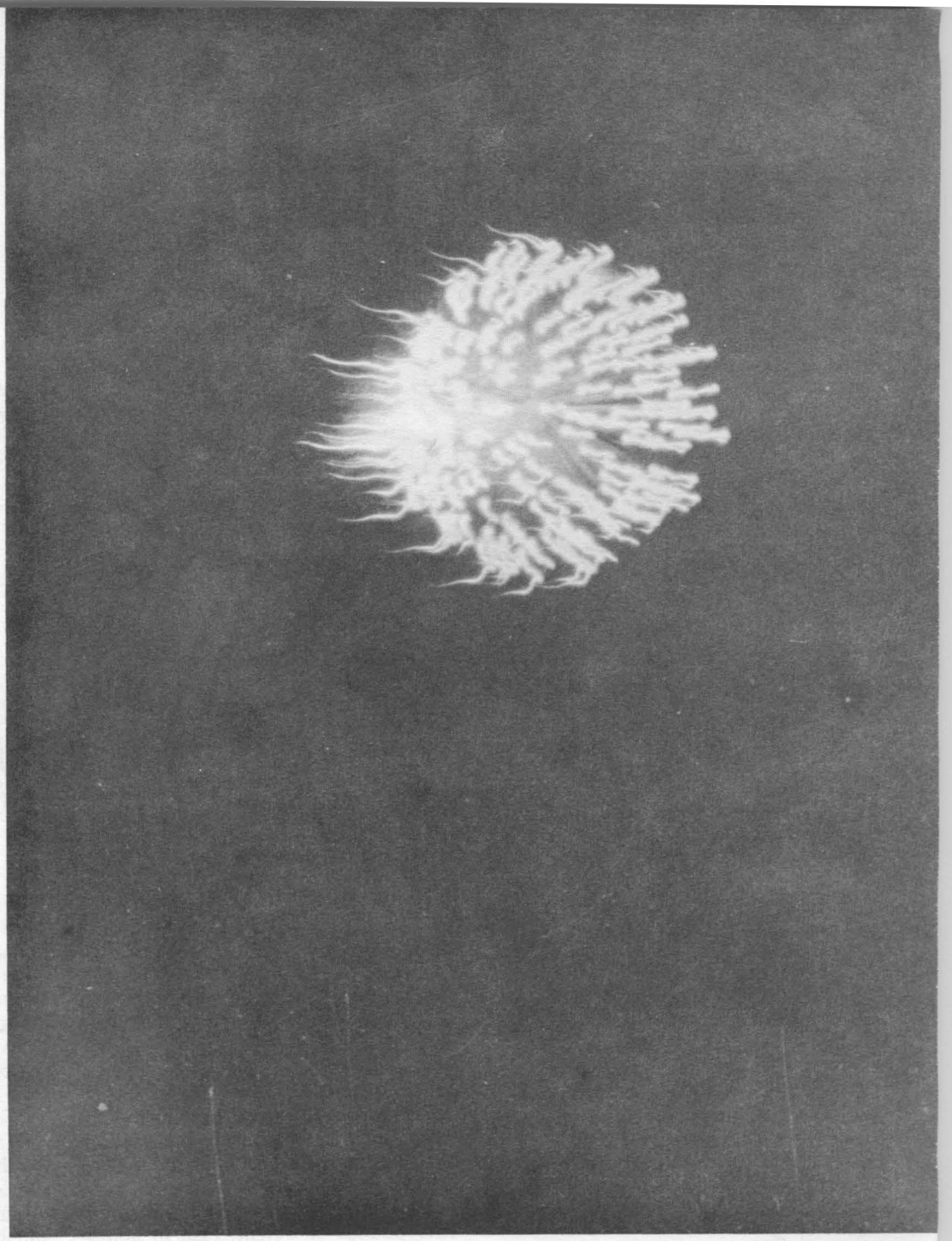


A Photo Essay

by Fred Bauer

Who Knows

. . . what reaction those unidentified objects provoked? They were sometimes gold reflecting sunlight, at other times multi-colored, but always looming on the horizon.

Fear at first, no doubt. Then hostility, a natural brother. Perhaps in some there was even curiosity.

The unidentified objects pressed on.

From some quarters there was word that the things had landed. Creatures were coming out.

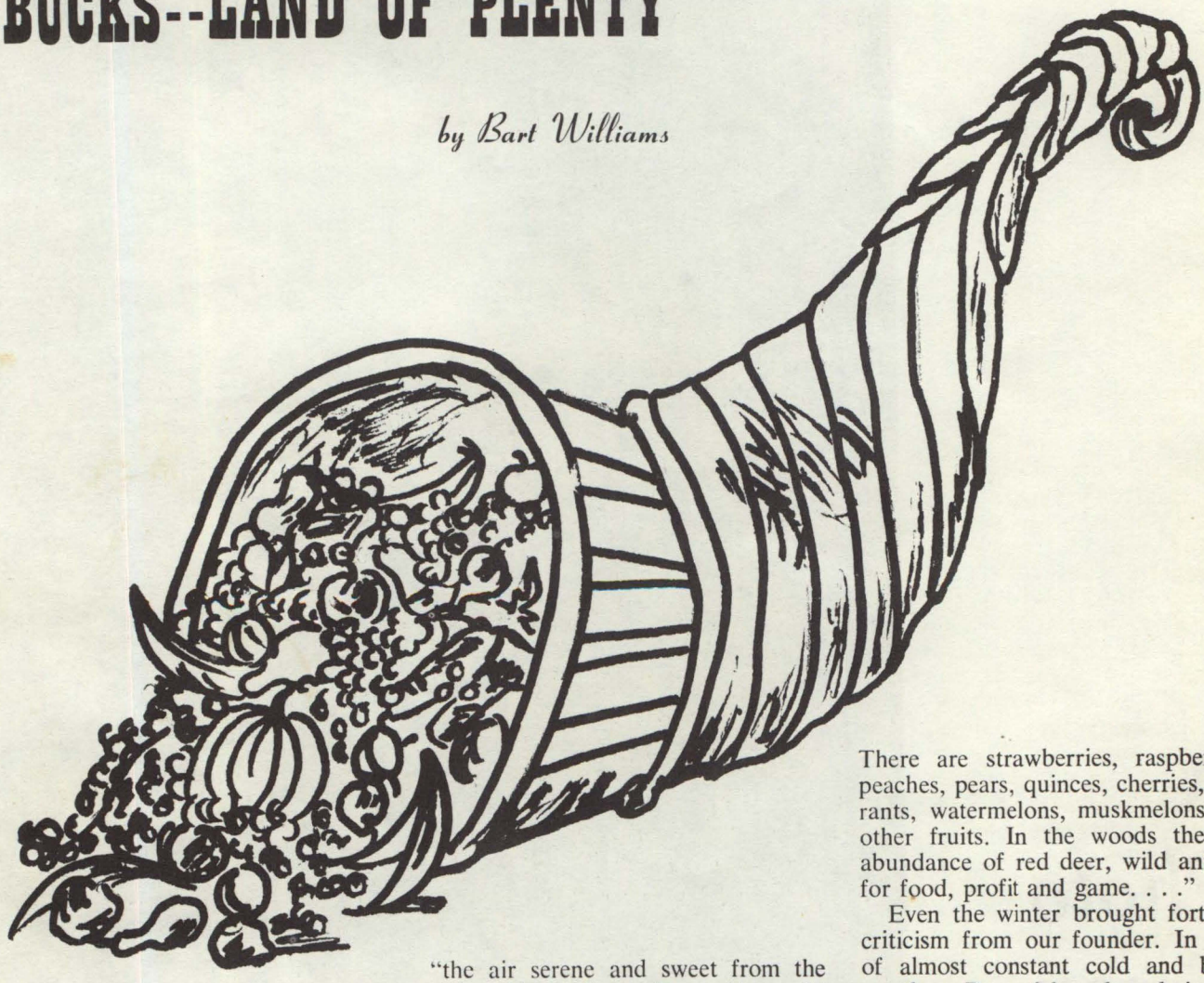
The wiser, older men said the things were no threat to the nation . . . probably beneficial even. That made most, but not all, feel secure. And the nations — all of them — chose to resist involvement with the things, even discussion of them.

A few said they saw the creatures emerging, and reported attempts to communicate.

Who knows? Perhaps there was at least one American Indian who looked out to sea at the sails and said to himself the equivalent of: "Pilgrims maybe?"

BUCKS--LAND OF PLENTY

by Bart Williams



Today the roads of Bucks tell the passerby of the plenty of its fields and orchards. The fruit stands bend with the weight of corn, squash, grapes, apples and huge bulbous pumpkins. There are many farms with well-fed cattle, white-feathered geese and rib-plump turkeys squawking about the yard.

It has always been so. Since the earliest known days of our county, supplies of all things good for man have been abundant and overflowing. Hard work to harvest and garner them, perhaps, but all waiting to give to the tendering hand.

William Penn saw this. He saw it from the first and praised it unstintingly. "The soil is good," he wrote to a friend in England in 1682, "the air serene and sweet from the cedar, pine and sassafras, with a wild myrtle of great fragrance. I have had better venison, bigger and more tender, and as fat as in England. Turkeys of the wood I had of forty and fifty pounds of weight. Fish in abundance, especially shad and rock. . . . In the woods are divers fruits, wild, and flowers that for colour, largeness and beauty, excel."

Who could ask for more? Not us. Not Penn.

A companion of Penn's who landed with him also wrote back to England in glowing phrases of this province. "Though this country has made little noise in story," he penned, "or taken up but small room on maps . . . I could say much in praise of this sweet tract of land. The air here is delicate, pleasant and wholesome; the heavens serene and rarely overcast. There are very fine thriving gardens and orchards. The gardens abound in grapes, tulips, pinks, carnations, roses, lilies, not to mention those that grow wild in the fields. . . . There are strawberries, raspberries, peaches, pears, quinces, cherries, currants, watermelons, muskmelons and other fruits. In the woods there is abundance of red deer, wild animals for food, profit and game. . . ."

Even the winter brought forth no criticism from our founder. In spite of almost constant cold and biting weather, Penn felt only admiration. He found no "foul, thick, black weather, as our northeast winds in England, but a sky as clear as in summer and the air dry, cold, piercing and hungry. . . ."

Some of the same trees that cast orange and gold branches across the earth three centuries ago, still shelter us. The sky above is the same one, "clear as in summer," most of the time. The stars that signal in the night, cold and beautiful, shimmered to Penn and his companions, too, as they gazed upwards. Some of the same recipes that sent curling scents of goodness through the kitchens of yesteryear, wind tauntingly into our nostrils today. Most of the graces we feel and speak are unchanged for these hundreds of years.

For unchanging plenty, every Bucks Countian can give thanks this November 24th. Let us enjoy the gratitude as warmly as did our founder for those important things which have varied very little in three brief centuries.

MY FRIEND, THE EDITOR

An Introduction to Kay Henry

by Margaret-Mary Eitzen

By popular request we begin this month a series of profiles on the writers who regularly contribute to Bucks County Life.

She breezed into the publisher's office, a trim, well-groomed and confident breath of fresh air. She sat up straight in the chair next to the comfortable large one in which I was leaning back, and came right to the point.

Yes, she knew all the problems involved in editing, managing and circulating a magazine. Yes, she could handle them. With matter-of-fact assurance she outlined her plans for the future of *Bucks County Life*. As I listened to her efficiently present a plan to cope with the myriad of details facing her, I wondered whimsically how such a small figure could contain so much energy and enthusiasm without exploding.

With a great deal of relief we knew that here was someone who could take on all the technical, administrative and editorial responsibilities of the magazine and love every moment of it. Kay Henry was the exception that proved my rule that editors are creatures who know what they want, but don't know what it is. Kay not only knows what she wants, knows what it is, but even knows how to get it.

She has said that she wants to make *Bucks County Life* the finest publication of its kind, the highest quality magazine serving Bucks. There is no doubt in many minds that she has already accomplished this in the past seven months. Everyone who works with her, and for her, believes that nothing can stop her.

Historical Editor Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey said recently, "Kay has the most extraordinary ability to bring out the best in other people." Martin Moskovitz, Contributing Editor, agreed wholeheartedly and added, "Kay is a combination of the very effervescent and very conscientious."

The young woman who impressed me with her ability that day last spring, grew up and lived in Lewistown, Pennsylvania until she was married. She sang, was active in dramatics, singing groups and choruses from

the time she was a child. Seeing Kay on the dance floor now, it is easy to picture her as the song and dance girl she was in local musicals. Her vitality and humor make her a natural.

At the same time, she was editor of her High School paper for two years, wrote the high school news for the local paper, *The Sentinel* and did movie reviews. When she married Jim Henry, he was teaching Chemistry at Villanova University. They lived in Rosemont until ten years ago when Jim came to Fischer and Porter as a technical writer; Jim is now a research and development chemist with the same company.

Kay seems indefatigable. I've said before that I may be over-impressed since my own natural inclinations are towards exhaustion, indolence and disorganization. But others who do not suffer from my deficiencies are amazed by her energy and organizational skills. The Henrys had seven children in ten years and their youngest child is now five. Kay runs her home with the same matter of fact assurance and competency that she takes to her work.

There are six children living at home. Martha, who is fifteen and in tenth grade, is the very talented artist whose work appears each month in *Bucks County Life*. Jimmy, who is fourteen and in ninth grade, seems to be following his father's bent for the Sciences—he is an avid and scientific weatherman. Tommy is twelve. He is in seventh grade and is the family wit, salesman and politician; I predict that he'll soon offer his mother some competition. Kathy, a sixth grader, at eleven is a flautist, artist, baton twirler and Girl Scout. Christine, who is nine and in fourth grade, also twirls the baton and needs nothing more than her charm, beauty and great personal appeal—all of which make themselves felt the minute you meet her. Billy is nearly seven and in second grade. He is an extremely intelligent child, friendly and poised. I admired his varied and well-kept live bug collection with admirable restraint.

While Kay was busy having and raising her children, Jim prodded her to write. By one of those strange coincidences dear to all writers, the first article she ever sold was sold to *Bucks County Life* in 1963. It was a serious piece called "Long Range View." She has since added the *Bulletin, Inquirer,* and *National Observer* to her list of credits.

My first professional connection with Kay was a sullen one. I was on the staff, soon to become Assistant Editor, and constantly battling with the Editor because he would let me do every thing except write humor. I was doing educational research pieces, interviews, profiles, social issues and begging for a chance to be funny. After all, I had been added to the staff originally as a humorist and had done nothing but humor until he took over. Then one day he announced quite casually, "Oh, by the way, I bought a couple of humor pieces from a gal called Kay Henry. Do you know her?" After I had described sweetly what I thought of his judgement, I confided that I did not know her and never would if I had any choice.

Kay has since informed me that she felt much the same way when I became the Editor. Come to think of it, we were both extremely polite the day that she agreed to take over. But as

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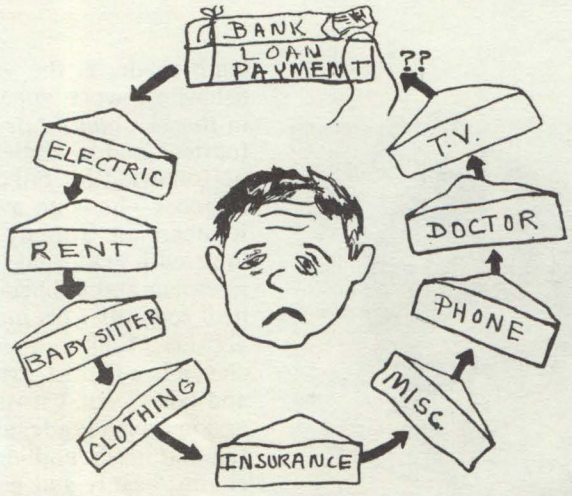
HOW TO LIVE BEYOND YOUR INCOME–LEGALLY



by Martin Moskovitz

Last week we paid the baby sitter with ELECTRIC, and DOCTOR took care of a show and dinner. All this came about because my wife had borrowed from MISCELLANEOUS the week before to replace TELEPHONE.

It's a darn good thing we're on a budget, otherwise we could never have managed so magnificently. Home economists who write for magazines and earn about twenty grand a year keep pointing out that a budget is the simplest way to live within your income.

That's why we adopted one. Now we've dicovered it's the easiest way to live beyond my income. Our system isn't exactly like what these magazine economists recommend specifically, but what the heck, it's been working wonders for us.

First of all, our pattern follows the "rob Peter to pay Paul" theme very closely. Naturally, there's a limit to how much larceny Peter's going to tolerate, so we arrange for a bank loan once a year to bring in fresh capital and keep the ball rolling. This is absolutely necessary because that's about when INSURANCE becomes due. The insurance envelope is the most pilfered one in the bunch. I pay my insurance once a year so the envelope doesn't have to be paid back often. The bank loan takes care of the annual premium payment and the cycle begins all over again.

Of course, BANK LOAN PAYMENT envelope is never borrowed from under any circumstances. Why louse up a good thing?

MISCELLANEOUS is the most amazing envelope of the bunch. We've never quite determined what departments of home living it's supposed to encompass, yet there's more traffic in and out of this branch of the budget than any of the others. There were two penicillin shots a month ago that were handled very capably by MISCELLANEOUS. I'll have to admit though, our mortgage company didn't benefit from the injections. MISCELLANEOUS was a little short that week due to the virus and we couldn't pay RENT back in time.

To show you what a crude system we had before we went on a budget, all the money I brought home on payday was put into a sugar cannister. When we started to hit sugar about the middle of the week because of shoddy management, Pete, next door, always came through with a short loan until payday. It shortly got to a point where the sugar cannister was being completely by-passed and good old Pete was beginning to tell us how many times a week we were allowed to go to the movies.

That's when we first realized the importance of a budget. During the first three weeks under this new financial regimen, we paid Pete back with INSURANCE, CLOTHING and two TV PAYMENTS. We were so thankful to have rid ourselves of this obligation to Pete that I made up my mind I would rather borrow than go into debt again.

Occasionally, an unforseen expense pops up, like two or three shabbily played poker games in a row. This could easily happen, even in the best planned households. That's when the whole system becomes disorganized and all the envelopes, except BANK LOAN PAYMENT have to chip in equally to plug up the hole. Then we invite Frank and Alice, rank beginners, over for a friendly game of poker. Once in a while Alice declines the invitation gracefully by saying, "Sorry. But I had to use up BABY SITTER this week to pay for Cissy's ballet lessons."

Frank doesn't carry too much insurance.

Incidently, this is about the time my wife throws up her arms and with a long suffering inflection in her voice pins me down with: "Isn't it about time you asked for a raise?"

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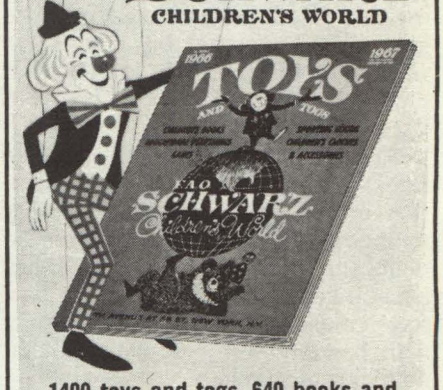

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HISTORIC EATING PLACES OF BUCKS

A Series

CENTRE BRIDGE INN

In the early 1700's, an inn was built on the banks of the Delaware in the village now known as Centre Bridge. It was one of the first buildings in the ferrying settlement and was the center of activity at the time. The first ferry was owned by Colonel John Reading and in 1765 Joseph Mitchell bought 500 acres of land from the heirs of Brassilian Foster who had been granted 1000 acres by William Penn. The bridge for which the community is now named was built in 1814 and was originally a covered bridge. The canal was completed in 1832 and brought more life and business to Centre Bridge. By this time there was a blacksmith shop, an ice house and a large stone stable belonging to the inn.

The increased canal and river traffic made the village a bustling center of activity and, naturally, the inn had a vital role in the community. Owners came and went over the years but one of the more interesting ones was Emily Birit who was said to be a Russian countess. She was the innkeeper in 1932 when the building burned to the ground. Its ruins remained untouched for 20 years and then the inn was rebuilt only to be destroyed again by fire in 1959. By 1962 the rebuilding was complete and from the ashes rose the new-old Centre Bridge Inn.

The present building captures the Colonial atmosphere and is an enchanting restaurant. On the ground level is a spacious private dining room used for banquets and receptions. Old wood hewn steps lead to the downstairs dining room and bar where an expansive picture window overlooks the Delaware. Highlight of the cozy dining room is the massive fireplace which glows warmly every cool night.

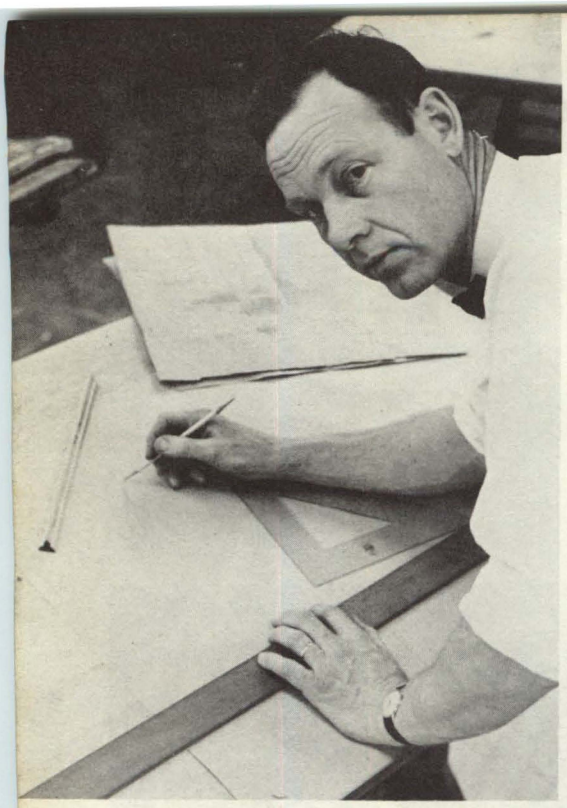
Today the inn boasts four co-owners: two young men, Joseph Mannion and Joseph DePula, and Mildred and Harold Fryers.

The Fryers operated an antique shop in Warminster from 1948 until 1957 when they moved their business to Lahaska. They maintain that shop and work at the inn on weekends. Mildred goes to Europe twice a year on shopping expeditions as they sell many European antiques. They also have a fine collection of dolls and glass items. It was one of these trips that brought the four people together. Joe DePula went along for the ride to the airport with friends to meet Mildred on her return and their friendship began. Mr. DePula introduced the Fryers to Mr. Mannion and the foursome was formed.

Joe DePula is a native of Trenton and a graduate of Trenton Catholic High School. After working as a super market produce manager for 13 years, he studied hairdressing and became a teacher at the Lawrence Academy where he taught for three years while operating his own shop. He stayed with the shop for two more years and gave that up when he and the other "Joe" got the restaurant idea.

Joe Mannion was born in Newark and graduated from Arts High School and the Newark School for Fine Industrial Arts. He worked for a design studio in New York, another in Newark, bought the Pink Lemonade Shop in New Hope and finally became a restaurateur when the foursome bought the inn on February 3, 1966.

Dining is truly elegant at Centre Bridge. Chef Joe DePula features both the unusual and the commonplace on his menu and everything is delicious; Paul Revere lanterns twinkle above the bar and a player piano lends the atmosphere. Thus a new era has begun for the Centre Bridge Inn.



Mr. Sharpless at work

A GUEST EDITORIAL

THE CRAFTSMEN OF BUCKS COUNTY

by Palmer M. Sharpless

Mr. Sharpless is President of the Pennsylvania State Guild of Craftsmen and is a Charter Member of the Bucks County Chapter. He helped form the Bucks County Chapter and served as President for three years. He is head of the Department of Industrial Arts at George School and started their Summer Drama Workshop. Mr. Sharpless is the craftsman who did all the turnings for the bannisters in Independence Hall.

They are people of the county. The feature of their lives which brings them together is a part of the long heritage of the county. They are craftsmen.

Margaret Ely has lived all her life in the area around Solebury, raising a family and helping with the housework of thousands of days. But there is something special about her that has developed into one of the most interesting approaches to the line between art and crafts. Her embroidered pictures of the landscape of Bucks County leave little doubt that her eyes see the life of color, the security of traditions and the brightness of innovation that is her home.

Herbert Simonson is a teacher in the Central Bucks school system. He is a good teacher who seeks new ways of training good draftsmen and designers and setting high standards of technical drawing. In his crafts his personal high standards shine out in cleanness of line, smoothness of contour and finish, liveliness of product. His fascination with the beauty of wood and its decorative value in the home brings to the woodturner's tools a feeling of fineness and quality which is often missed in the hurry-up productions usually found in gift shops.

Bob Whitely lives across the river and has a fulltime shop where, until recently, his reproductions and cabinet work developed for him a reputation of quality and originality. Seeing the writing on the wall of modern crafts shows, Bob has swung his talents to the unusual, sculptured look in furniture and pieces for the modern home. His carved and lively mirror frames, with sensuous shape and solid structure makes the beholder look twice, and then again and again until a satisfaction is found from the partial understanding of what has been seen. Bob is a fulltime craftsman, earning his whole livelihood from his own workmanship in wood. In this he is an unusual member of the Bucks County Guild of Craftsmen, for most of them are employed fulltime in schools, offices, industry, on their farms or are retired from this kind of activity and carry on their pursuit of craftsmanship on a limited basis only.

The Bucks County Guild is one of many chapters in Pennsylvania, with new ones forming each year, whose aim is to provide the individual craftsmen with encouragement and stimulus. Each month the local group gets together at one of two meeting places in the county and shares experiences, listens to a speaker, takes part in a workshop where each member learns something about a different craft than he practices, or sees some of the many excellent films and slides prepared on the crafts by such groups as the American Craftsmans Council of New York. Interests vary widely, ages vary too. The degree of skill developed ranges from beginner to expert, and yet the central unifying interest in using the hands and mind in creative effort brings common enjoyment in these meetings.

From early times in colonial America, the craftsman has produced wares for his neighbors, developing in many cases the "special" item "to order" which couldn't be had anywhere until he had solved the problems and brought a new article from his shop. This was at first a matter of necessity for the country needed the utensils of livelihood but the ability to make them soon was more apparent in some members of the community than others. The tinsmith, the blacksmith, the chandler, the weaver — each one developing special skills from the training and experience of new-coun-

continued on page 39

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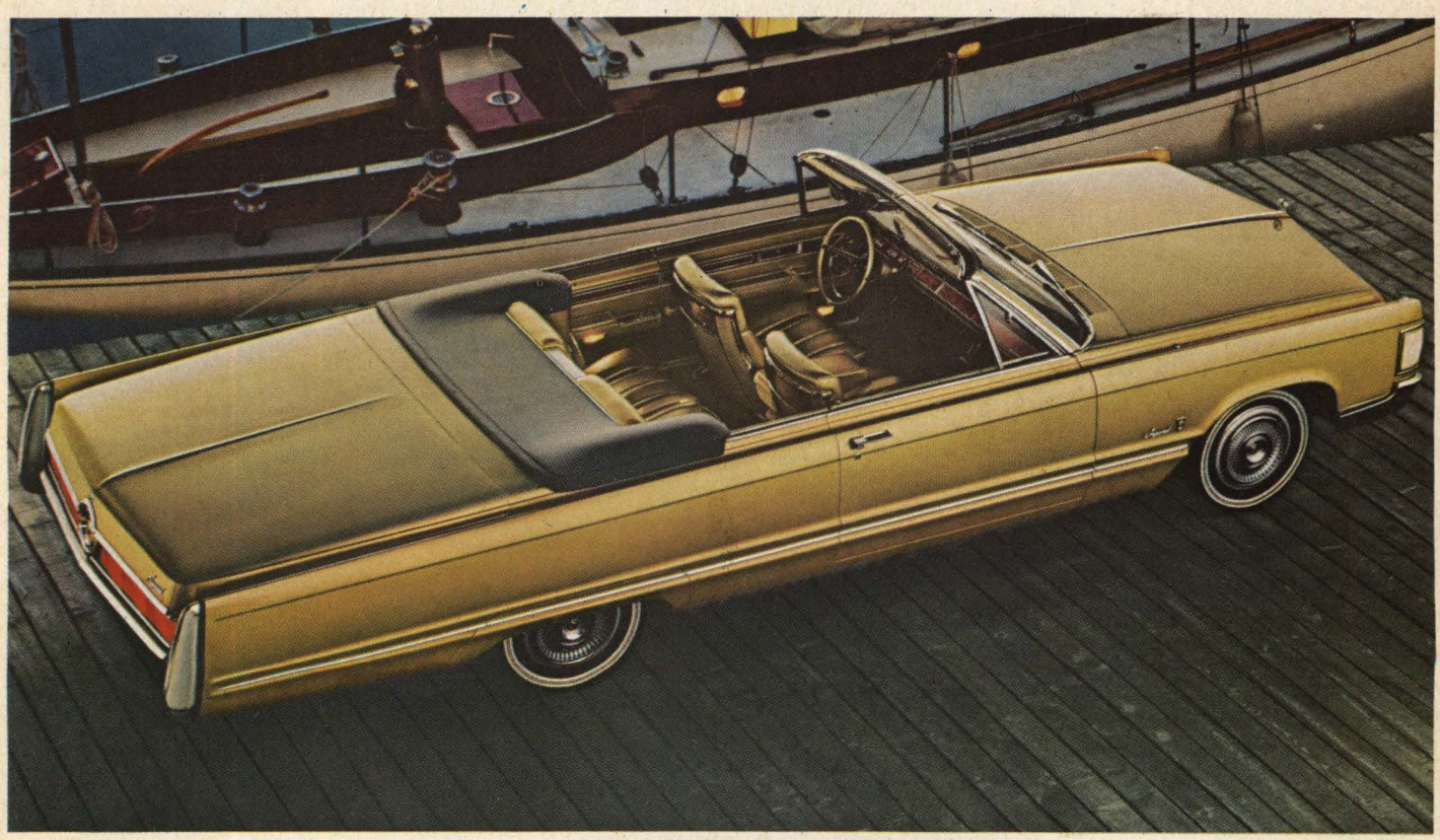

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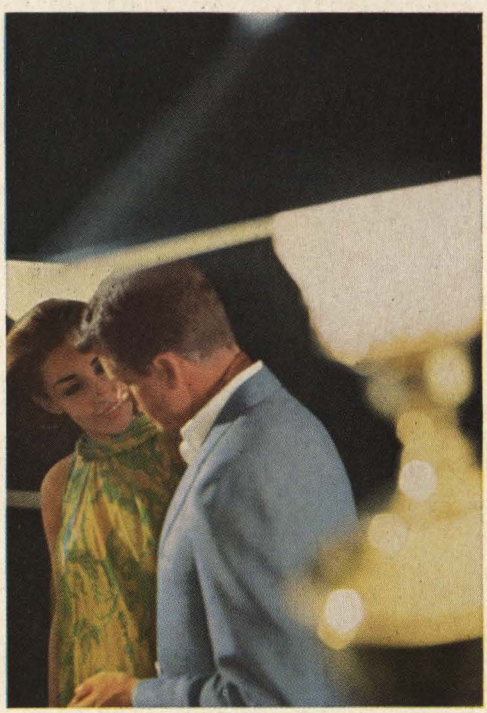
IMPERIAL '67



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Tune in Bob Hope Wednesday's and AFL Football weekly . . . NBC-TV.

One of Bucks County's November highlights — the fox hunt of the Huntingdon Valley Hunt Club. Photo courtesy of Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

MAKE WAY FOR THE MASTERS!

by Helen Rowe

On the 19th of this November, if you are driving past the rolling hillsides flanking Windy Bush Road in Pineville, you may think for a moment that you are in old aristocratic England. The fall-hardened fields will be ablaze with scarlet coats, gleaming boots, champing horses, leaping hounds and a general air of tingling, colorful excitement reminiscent of England's famous fox hunt scenes in all their traditional glory.

You will not be far from wrong. You will be witnessing the opening day of the formal fox hunting season for the Huntingdon Valley Hunt Club. They are assembling for the start of the formal hunt which is carried out with all proper etiquette almost precisely as it has for centuries in both this country and England. No area of social or sporting form has changed so little as in the activities of a hunt club.

Fox hunting, the Huntingdon Valley Hunt manual informs us, is one of the oldest of sports. It was practiced in and around Philadelphia from colonial times. In 1766 the first organized hunt was established. It was called the "Gloucester Fox Hunting Club." The first meeting was held on December 13, 1766 in the old Philadelphia Coffee House at the northwest corner of Front and Market Streets. From that time on the lively sport caught the enthusiasm and interest of Philadelphians and their neighbors for all the years to follow. Names of clubs in the area are well known today—names like Rose Tree, and

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Rochelle

Bucks County Portraits No. 2

Odette Myrtil

by Joan Patterson

Portrait by Rochelle Boonshaft

Odette Myrtil's story begins in Paris, France. Born there "to the sound of music and the perfume of escargots and onion soup", she traveled to Brussels for her education, to London and New York for her "sweet smell of success" and finally, to Bucks County—for her Bali Hai utopia on the Delaware.

Born of "theater people", Odette was seven years old when she was sent to a convent Les Seours de la Sagasse in Brussels. Here, she began to study the violin and, at the age of eleven, joined her parents for a vacation in Germany—and made what amounted to her stage debut.

Discovering how difficult it was to practice the violin the required number of hours at her hotel, Odette took to practicing at the theater where her parents were appearing. The manager, hearing the musical strains from the stage, tried to convince Odette's dissenting parents to allow Odette to appear as virtuoso. After a while her parents gave in and Odette was an immediate sensation.

Later the audiences of Holland, during the first World War, held Odette's singing and violin playing in high esteem. But then America's beckoning finger captured her imagination — and soon she and her father left for its shores.

In New York Ziegfield himself auditioned and hired her. Her act combined singing, dancing and the violin. Soon demands for her appearance grew. Without true dramatic training or, as Odette calls it, "just growing into it, from small part to larger part", her success on the stage began to take strides forward.

Appearing in the Follies with Will Rogers, the Dolly Sisters and the Castles, she impressed Andre Charlot of the famed London review — and stayed with him five years "learning to act." She then appeared in Countess Maritza, Roberta, Cat and the Fiddle (written for her by Jerome Kern), the Red Mill and many others.

In between these shows Hollywood beckoned. Being married to Stanley Logan, who was producer and director in movies, she made more than sixty films — including "The Life of Gershwin", "Devotion", "Fighting Kentuckian", "Dark Waters", "Stranger on the Train", and Kitty Foyle".

"Some of these you can see now," she laughs, "on the, how you say, late late movies".

During a 12-year stay in California Odette became restless and, finding movies were only a part-time job and, having designed most of her clothes, she began a dress- designing business, which became one of the top houses in Beverly Hills — "Athena".

During this time, however, Odette's love for "haut cuisine", while appeased, strained to get off ground level. Her appreciation of delectable French recipes travels far back in her family; she learned the old, the new and the strange . . . now, disappointed with American and English cookery, she took to creating and embellishing her own delicate dishes.

And then the 'piece de resistance' of her dramatic life — her role as Bloody Mary in the original company of South Pacific. After a year and a half in the role she stood in the wings of the Majestic Theater and, waiting for her cue, reflected on a decision.

"It seemed to be that time in my life which, I think, eventually comes to every woman," she now says. "I was a little afraid that I would be moved into character parts. The theater is in my blood — but I didn't want to see that happen".

One of her biggest moves in life was soon to follow; up to now her talent for exotic cuisine had been somewhat frustrated. Her own 'bistro' was the answer!

"I wanted a place with ' ambiance, ' she gestures, in typically Gallic manner. But a search over Manhattan proved fruitless. Then one day a "New Hope-r", the Bucks County arranger of South Pacific, suggested she visit the county. Nonplussed at the idea she nevertheless crossed the river in 1959 and took a long look at the countryside. And stayed.

"I fell 'in love' with Bucks County and its people," she declares, a spark settling in her eyes. After three years she "felt like a native — heart and soul — and decided to spend the rest of my life here".

Setting sights on the River House, the old 1794 Inn once used as a canal barge stopover, she proceeded to "facelift" it into a country inn resembling one that might be found in her native France. Bucks County tradition and atmosphere blended with Parisian decor and romanticism — and the offspring was Chez Odette.

Now, firmly established in the famous red-and-white clapboard and awning-ed bistro, she travels to France annually on gastronomic tours.

"I feel I must present to my customers new things," she explains. And she travels over all of France fulfilling the motive. Returning to America last year, she brought with her a "delightful recipe" for Souffle

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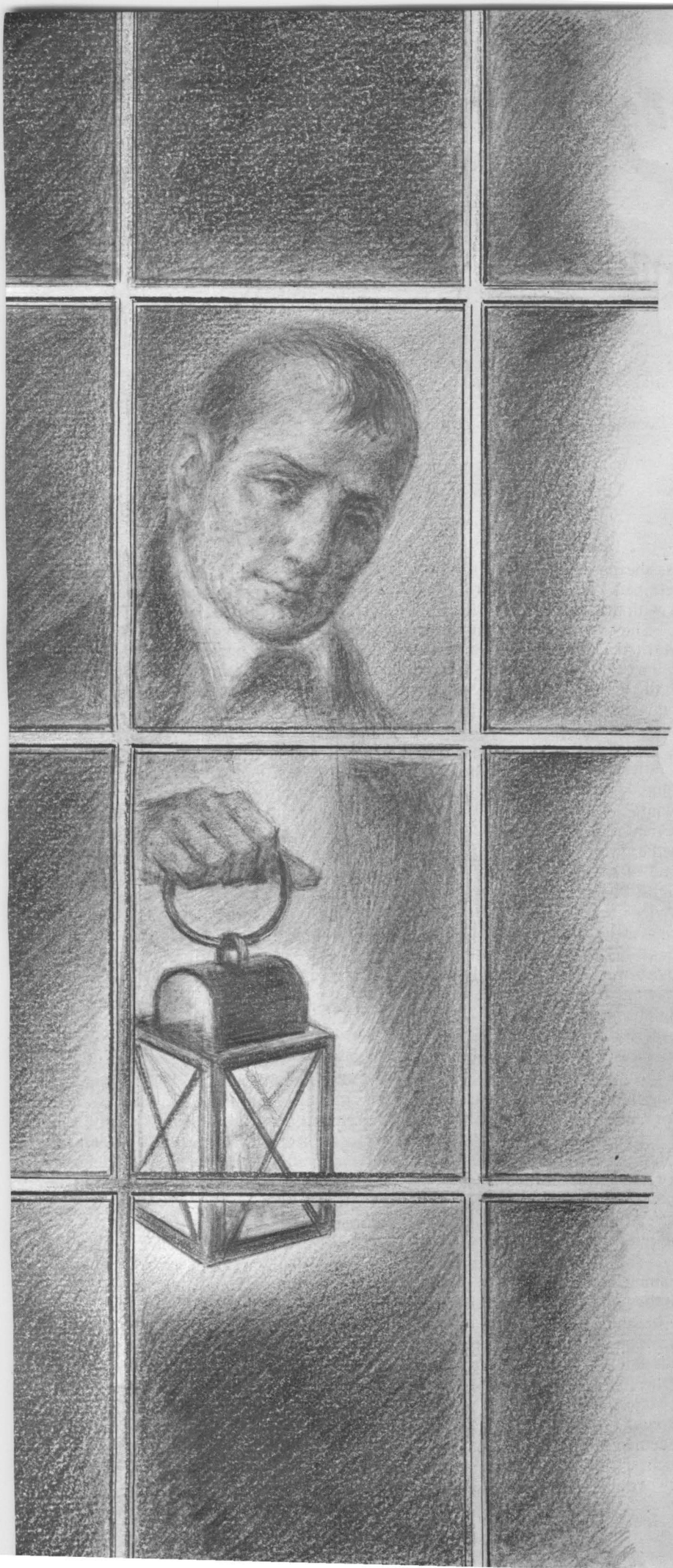

GHOST TALES OF BUCKS

A Series

by Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey

Illustrated by Rochelle Boonshaft

THE SEARCHING GHOST OF BONAPARTE

There is nothing left today of the tall, four-storied mansion of Sarah Lukens Keene on Radcliffe Street in Bristol. In its place now stands the new and modern Margaret Grundy Memorial Library.

But the memory of the great house with its marble mantels, its glimmering paned windows, its frame of surrounding trees still hovers in the thoughts of many of the old residents of the town.

The tales of its hauntings will never be removed.

But first let us recall the background of the mansion. In the early years of the 1800's it was one of the most renowned dwellings in Bucks County. Sarah Lukens Keene lived there. Sarah was a beauty. She was young, vibrant, gay — the toast of every gentleman who passed her way. The great portrait painter, Thomas Sully, made her the subject of one of his finest paintings. It hung for years in the oval dining room.

Sarah had many an affair of the heart, it is said. Two men once fought a duel over her on the lawn beside the house. It has never been known who they were or who won or lost the exchange of pistol fire. But neither won the hand of Sarah.

Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Italy and Spain, after his brother, Napoleon's fall at Waterloo, escaped to

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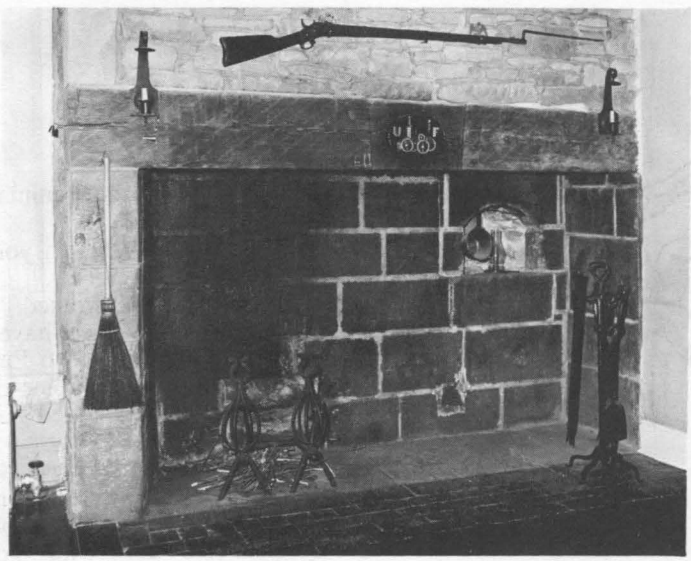
IT ALL BEGAN WITH AN OLD HOUSE

Gallagher's Olde Tyme Candle and Candy Shoppe

by Marie Quinn



The fireplace

When John and Margaret Gallagher bought the old house on Second Street Pike in Richboro, they knew the building was old but they didn't know about the unusual thing hidden within its walls.

The original part of the house, all stone was built about 1702 on land that had been granted by William Penn to Thomas Groom in 1681. The property has been reduced in size many times from its original 550 acres to its present half acre. Throughout its years it has housed many interesting people and most of its former owners have been laid to rest in a small church cemetery within a hundred yards of the house. Before it acquired its present name, the village was called Addisville and the church that maintains the cemetery is the Addisville Reformed Church.

In 1836, one Enoch Addis lived in the house and held 84 acres. Later the stage coach driver for the Philadelphia run owned the property. Other owners date back through the Revolutionary period and are still famous today. Reference to many of them is noted in the Davis Book "History of Bucks County 1876."

The house in the beginning consisted of a cellar-kitchen, main living-room kitchen, bedroom and attic. The addition to the house is about 100 years old. In attempting to restore the old home, the Gallaghers uncovered a fireplace that hadn't been seen for more years than anyone can remember. It has one ten foot hand-hewn beam and is fieldstone from floor to ceiling. On the back wall of the fireplace they found an old oven which is still partially stone-filled. Gallaghers have noted a striking similarity between this fireplace and the one in the kitchen of the Thompson-Neely House at Washington Crossing.

The fireplace chimney is an architectural beauty. It is a double chimney serving two more fireplaces; one in the old bedroom and one in the attic. The attic is the only unchanged and unspoiled part of the house. Its windows are made with hand cut wooden nails and the floors are still original to the point that they have never been painted or stained. Eventually, they hope to restore all of the original house.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher bought the house for the purpose of opening a candle shop. John had been interested in candles and how they are made and when a serious back injury forced him to give up his traveling job, he turned to his avocation for a livelihood. Their first shop was opened for business in March 1965 in a small back room. Since then, they have enclosed part of the front porch and taken one of the rooms of the house to enlarge the shop and make way for Margaret's specialty, gourmet foods. In making these changes they wisely built a window in the one inside wall so the shopper can see the beautiful old fireplace from the shop.

John has become an adept craftsman and makes lovely and unusual candles. Custom made candles are his specialty and someone with a special kind in mind can find it at Gallagher's. They also stock candles to fit every mood, every decor and every need. The fancy food room is outfitted with old candy cases, an 1898 scale, Tiffany lamps, marble top ice cream tables and matching chairs and an ancient brass cash register with a resounding bell. Featured are gourmet foods from all over the world, including delicious candies. Theirs is one of Bucks County's most unique shops as it is exclusively a candle, candy and fancy food shop. John's hand work adds considerably to the charm of his merchandise.

So what began with an old house is now the Olde Tyme Candle and Candy Shop, Bucks County's finest.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY AT THE ZOO

by Daphne Hogstrom

Illustrations by the author

The two small, furry hands dipped happily into a paper cup of soda, rocking it back and forth until it tumbled to the floor. Then, while the eight children at the party shrieked and squeaked with laughter — the same two furry hands dug contentedly into a piece of birthday cake, making little, round holes in the icing. This was Rapunzel, the raccoon, a member of the private show given at birthday parties in the children's section of the Philadelphia Zoo. And, while Rapunzel was entertaining so efficiently with her cup and her crumbs — Irene, the King snake, was curled in her box waiting for *her* turn to come.

And still there was more! There was Bambi, the deer, who wandered in and out of the "Birthday House," eating the lollipops that were part of the party. And Samantha, the woolly monkey, who clung like a baby around the children's necks, and eagerly sampled all the goodies in her black, leathery fingers. Not to mention the little ponies dancing around the ring outside; the goats clopping amongst the visitors; and the many colorful birds flying over the crowd and perching on the roof of the "Birthday House" itself, cawing or whistling, as if to add *their* "Happy Birthdays" to the chorus.

But Rapunzel was quite unaware of all this. She was much too busy with her explorations and adventures. Jumping happily from one child to another, she nosed around their necks, and tangled her fingers in their hair.

"Don't take her away," the children pleaded, as Laurie came to fetch her.

However, Laurie Cahn, one of the several animal handlers and "party planners" provided by the zoo, wished to give Irene her chance to perform. So back went Rapunzel to her cage.

And Irene proved equally as exciting!

"How cool and smooth she is," the children exclaimed, as each took turns to touch and stroke her.

"Look at the lovely diamond patterns on her skin," said one.

"Will she bite?" asked another.

Laurie shook her long, brown hair, and her eyes sparkled.

"Not this snake," she said. "But we did have one called Boris that gave us trouble. Remember him, Bessie?" Laurie turned to her helper, Bessie Carter, a small, cozy lady with the ready smile of one who loves her job. Bessie and Laurie together had spread out the gaily colored paper cloth, then served the soda and ice cream, finally producing the beautifully decorated cake with the "Happy Birthday, Jon" written across it. Now they were again working as a team with the animals. Laurie handling them, but Bessie hovering in the background, watching out for everyone's care and comfort.

"Boris?" asked Bessie. "Boris, the boa-constrictor? You bet I remember him! Just as you were telling everyone how he never bites — he turned around and bit you!"

"What happened then? asked the wide-eyed guests.

"He was put in the snake-house in the big zoo, of course," said Laurie. "We can't have unsafe animals around here."

"But didn't it frighten you?" asked one of the eight.

"Nope," Laurie grinned. "You see, I love snakes. I even have three of my own at home — two Pines and a King." Laurie, the heroine of the day in any case, gained added glamor with this piece of news.

Bright sunlight slanted down into the Birthday House, lighting happy faces, and tipping the rabbit's and woodchuck's fur with gold. Gay sounds of laughter came from the different sections of the zoo; and a sudden shuffle and trample of feet announced the arrival of another birthday group in the Birthday House.

"Is it over?" the children asked, as Laurie started to put her animals away, and Bessie boxed the remainder of the birthday cake — to be picked up later at the gate and taken home and eaten.

"Gracious, no!" said Laurie, to everyone's relief. "Now we go on the grand tour. Only Birthday groups allowed. Come on — off we go!" Like a hunter leading a safari, she marched them off to another part of the zoo. Here, in compounds and enclosures, hamsters and guinea pigs were stroked and fondled — their fur soft and shiny under the children's hands. Fowl ran around and through scampering legs; sheep and lambs brushed against skirts and trousers; and goats tried happily to munch on blouses and shirts.

But now it really was time for the party to end.

"Have to do a show in a few minutes," said Laurie. "Come over and see it in the 'pit' — you'll like it, I know. We've got Chewy, the spider monkey, there. Oh Boy! Is he mischievous! Steals all the other animals'

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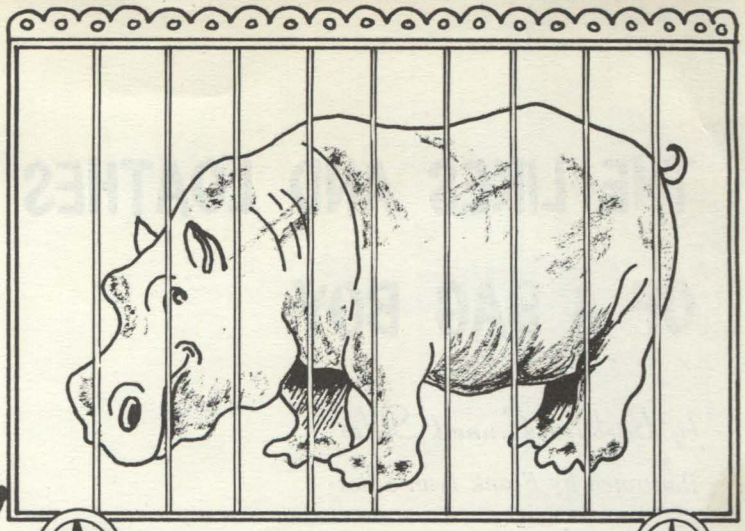
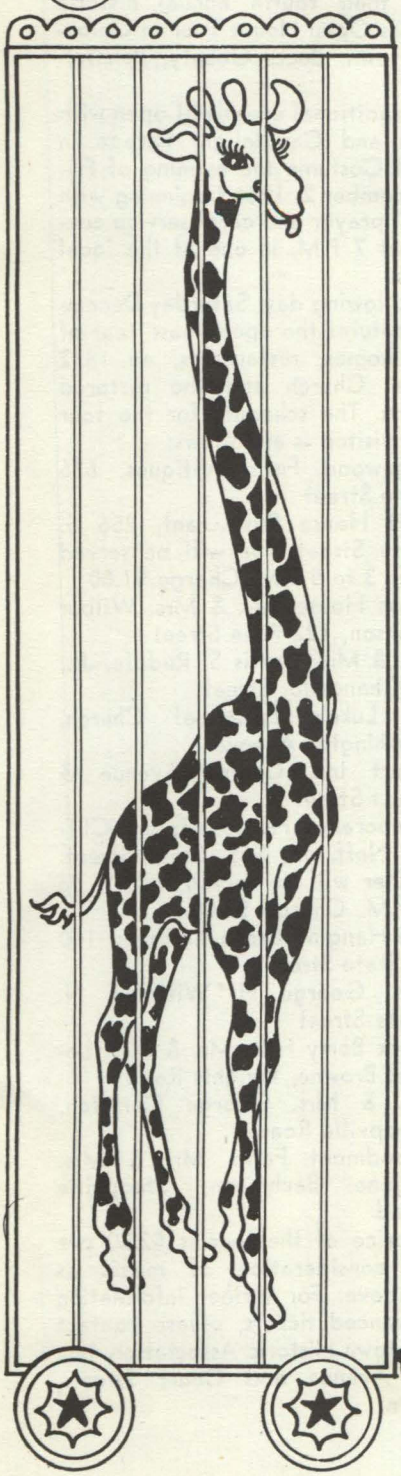
A hippopotamus,
In mud will wallow; thus,
Becoming as you'd guess,
A hippopotamess.





Giraffe
with neck so
very long
Just could not
ever
sing a song.

It'd take
some time to
get each note
To travel
up his
lengthy throat.

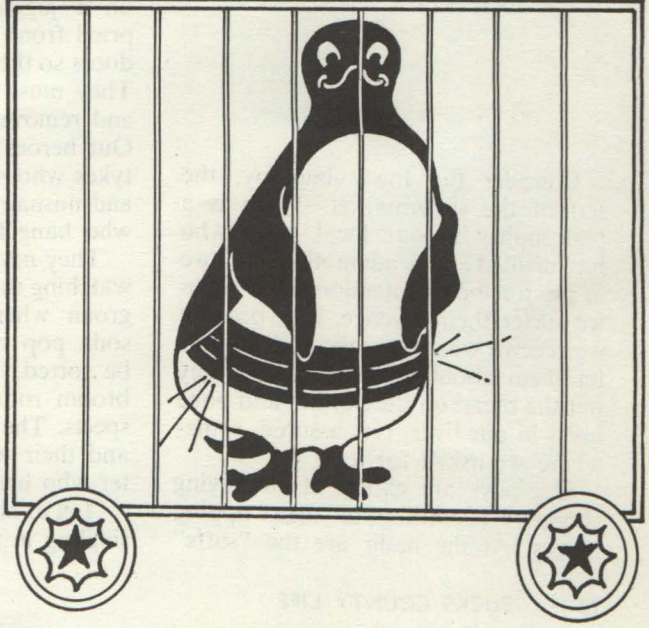
But should
he ever
sing a song,
I'm sure it
would take
just as long

For us
to hear this
funny sound,
If we were
standing
on the ground.

the juvenile page

Written and Illustrated by
F. Ivanhoe Stiles

For all the penguins I have known
That never could afford their own—
I think that I should start a fund
To buy each one a cummerbund.



THE LIKES AND LOATHES OF A BAG BOY

by Barbara Bennett Stiles

Illustrated by Frank Ivan Stiles

Consider the lowly bag boy, the serf of the supermarket. There is a philosopher in our local store who has instilled a new admiration and awe in me for their profession. If at times we suffer their revenge, it is because we receive what we give, and we buffet them about considerably. If they put the bread on the bottom and poke holes in our liver, rest assured, somewhere we asked for it.

Bag boys are expert at classifying shoppers according to their tipping tactics. At the nadir are the "stiffs" who buy everything, tip nothing and snarl. The next-to-nothing says thank you and rates one jelly bean for politeness. The kids break even on the big bruiser who "hauled a 200-pound barracks bag through the steaming Corregidor jungle, so why shouldn't I haul my own vittles now?" No trippee, no tippee. The reluctant tipper counts out eight pennies, dropping three. Mrs. Average is happy about the whole thing and shells out twenty to thirty cents. The humanitarian carries his own bag and tips a quarter for a good packing job. The philanthropist is that prince among men who buys a bag of marshmallows and an angel food cake and tips a dollar. He's either crazy or an ex-bag boy.

The bag boy's days are long and arduous. He must cope with the hecklers who challenge the cash register verdict and howl for the manager who retotals and wins. They must placate the bag bugs who want double bags, triple bags or no bag at all. When they return with a box, the "bug" has settled for a single bag and departed. No tip. The little people rate like flies on a juggler's nose. They must be pried from the jaws of the automatic doors so they can pinch the other arm. They must be picked up, wet or dry, and removed from the candy display. Our heroes must ground the airborne tykes who scale the tin-can pyramids and unsnag the bootie strings of those who hang from their wire chariots.

They may not spend company time watching the pretty girls nor may they groan when somebody's two-month soda pop bottle collection arrives to be sorted. They may not hide in the broom room when the inspector inspects. They must keep their ties tied and their white shirts white, no matter who breaks a bottle of catsup.

Let us observe a moment of change-jingling in their honor. They need it!

Christmas Open House Tour

The Newtown Historic Association, Inc. with Headquarters in recently restored 1733 Court Inn is proud to sponsor their fourth annual historic Christmas Open House Tour in Colonial Newtown, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

This traditional event will open with a Carol and Candlelight Parade in Colonial Costume the evening of Friday, December 2, 1966 beginning with a special prayer and carol service conducted at 7 P.M. in one of the local churches.

The following day, Saturday December 3, features the open house tour of historic homes, restaurants, an 1832 Episcopal Church and the restored Court Inn. The schedule for the tour in order visited is as follows:

I Edgewood Farm Antiques, 626 State Street

II Hart House Restaurant, 256 S. State Street. Tea will be served from 3 to 5 P.M. Charge $1.00

III Hicks House, Mr. & Mrs. Wilbur Johnson, 122 Penn Street

IV Mr. & Mrs. Curtis S. Ruddle, Jr., 23 Chancellor Street

V St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Washington Avenue

VI Court Inn, Centre Avenue & Court Street

VII Temperance House, Mr. H. Clifton Neff, Jr., 5 S. State Street. Dinner will be served from 1 to 9 P.M. Charge $3.00

VIII The Hanging Lamp Antiques, 140 N. State Street

IX Mrs. George H. Wittman, N. State Street

X Black Berry Hill, Mr. & Mrs. Leland Browne, Wrights Road

XI Mr. & Mrs. George Carleton, Stoopville Road

XII Woodmont Farm, Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Bachmann, Stoopville Road

The price of the tour is $2.50 per person, consideration of meals as noted above. For further information and advanced tickets, please contact the Newtown Historic Association, Inc. Centre Avenue and Court Streets, Newtown.

Happy Thanksgiving day
Happy birthday
Happy day-we-first-met
Happy anniversary
Happy day-the-baby arrived
Happy . . . any day!
No matter what you want to say,
Nothing says it so superbly as

MOËT

the first and finest champagne of France

FROM THE LARGEST CELLARS IN THE WORLD

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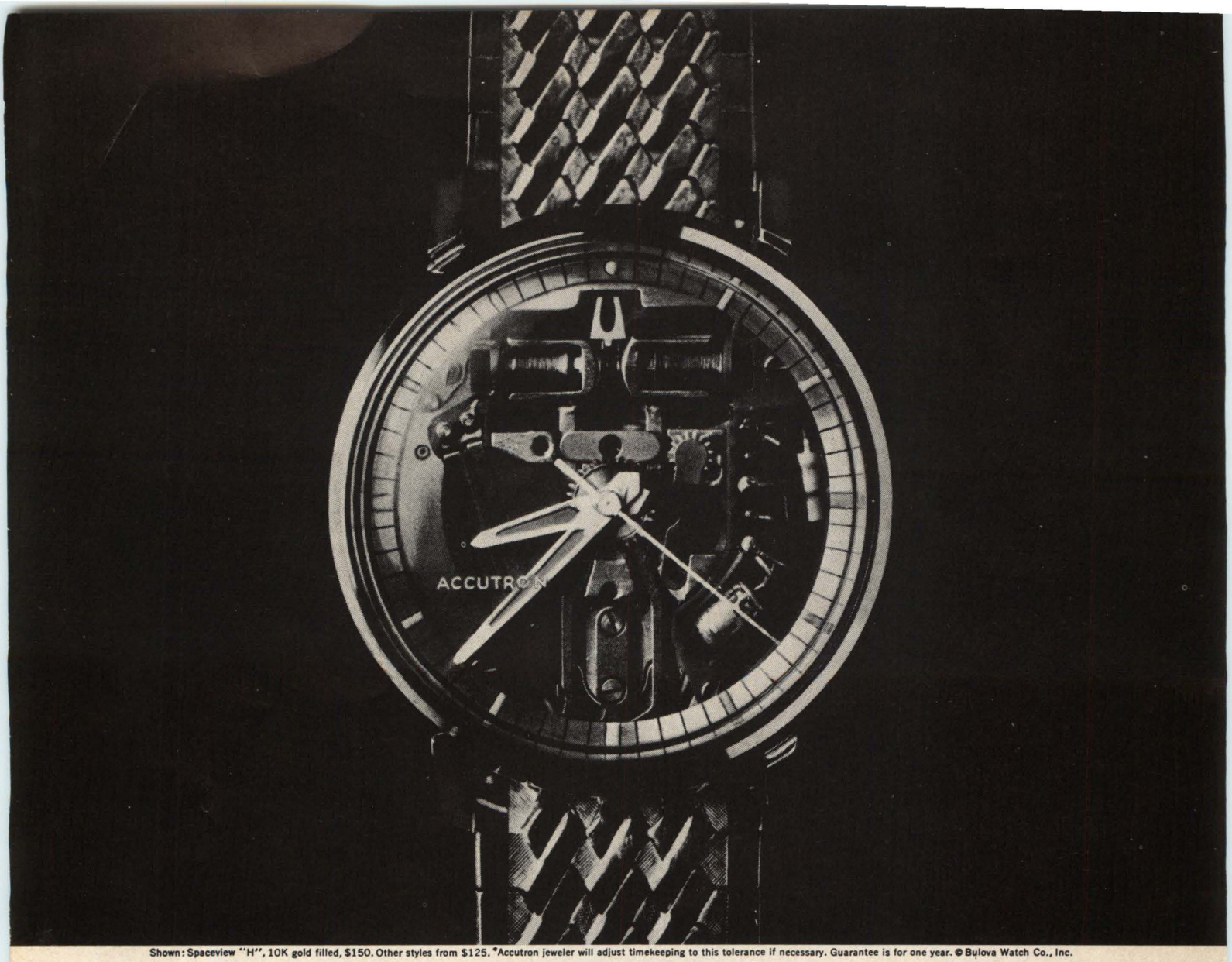

Shown: Spaceview "H", 10K gold filled, $150. Other styles from $125. *Accutron jeweler will adjust timekeeping to this tolerance if necessary. Guarantee is for one year. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

Wear a piece of a Satellite as a wrist watch.

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An Exclusive Tape Recorded Interview with CAROL COLE

by John Lord Boonshaft

The petite and delightful Carol Cole charmed the audiences of the Bucks County Playhouse who watched her in *"The Owl And The Pussycat"*, starring with Joe Ponazecki. This gifted, poised, and soft spoken daughter of the late Nat King Cole is a pleasure to hear, a beauty to see, and a talent to watch. The interview went as follows:

Q. *With both parents in show business, did they influence you to enter it?*

A. I was actually first interested in show business when I was 12. My parents didn't object, but they didn't encourage me either. They just kind of thought I'd forget about it. But I didn't forget about it. I auditioned for a part in a picture and I didn't get it because I was too short for the boy I would have played opposite. That kind of started all the magic, and I decided that show business was what I wanted.

Q. *Did your parents want you to go into another profession?*

A. Well, they probably would have liked it. On occasion, they would tell me about all the hardships of the business, which was kind of silly because living with show parents, I knew myself. But in any business there are downfalls.

Q. *But your parents didn't discourage you either.*

A. No, not really. They just wanted me to finish my education. So I went to Casanovia College which is a two year college. Not a junior college, but an accredited two year college. Then I was going to transfer and continue my education, but as things turned out, I just got involved with the business after I graduated. So I did summer stock in Warren, Ohio as an apprentice and then I was going to go to New York, but my father got sick then and I went back to California. Then after things cleared with my family, I resumed my career. I auditioned for Columbia Studios and did a live audition for them and a screen test and by unanimous decision they decided to put me under contract.

Q. *How did you like working with Dean Martin in "The Silencers"?*

A. Dean Martin is a lot of fun. He's really a riot and Stella Stevens is a lot of fun too. My part in that picture was very, very small and people don't realize it's me.

Q. *Tell me about your Mother's career.*

A. She started out with the Duncon Band and she had always as a child wanted to be a vocalist. Then after marrying my father she gave up her career. Now she is returning to show business as Maria Cole. She just recorded an album with Gordon Jenkins for Capital Records, and she is making a couple of personal appearances.

Q. *You're one of how many children?*

A. I'm the oldest of five. I have a sister Natalie, she's 16, and a little brother 7, and twin sisters 5.

Q. *I understand you write in your spare time. What kind of writing do you do?*

A. I play around with writing hiaku poetry. It's like an exercise, because I can write a hiaku then elaborate on it and make a short story or play. I wouldn't really classify my writing at this point. I have written short stories, and one-act plays. Writing has always been a great outlet for me.

Q. *Could you give us an example of your poetry?*

A. This is not a true Japanese hiaku, I guess you'd call it American hiaku. "The day begins with a life time of procrastinations."

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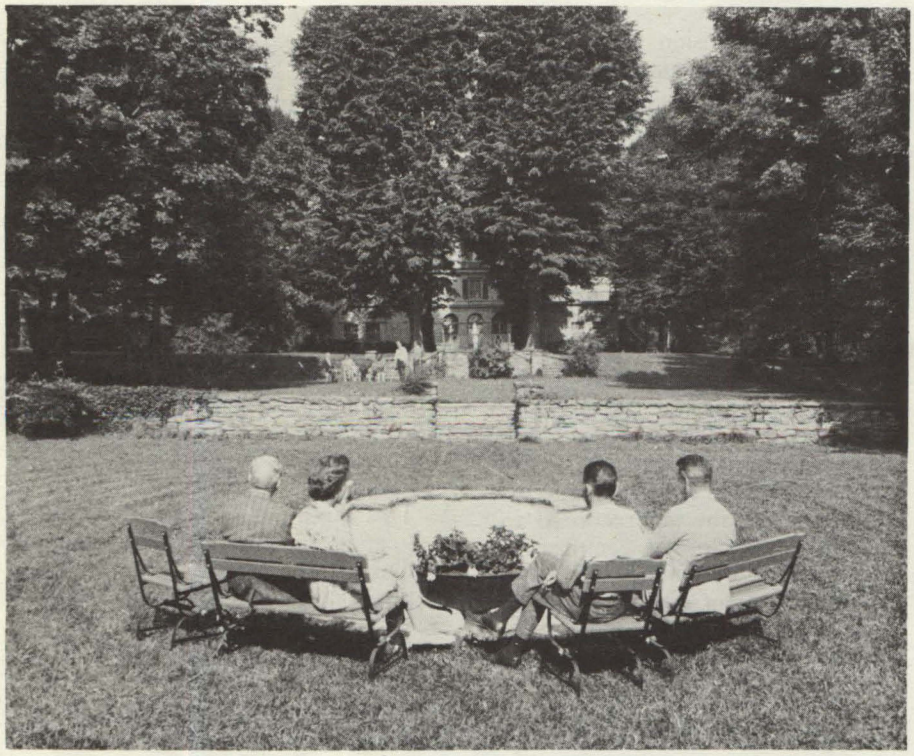
LIVENGRIN: A NEW CONCEPT IN REHABILITATION

by Kay Henry



A view of the grounds

It was my distinct honor and privilege to meet with and interview the gracious and distinguished owner and the equally charming administrators of Livengrin. It is my pleasure to publish the results of that pleasant afternoon.

K. H.

Fortunately for all of us, time brings about gradual changes in man's thinking and old prejudices are broken down. A generation ago tuberculosis was spoken of in whispers and a retarded child was a blot on an entire family. Today the stigma formerly attached to these and other ailments has disappeared, the result being that those afflicted and their families can seek help without shame, meaning better treatment for all concerned.

However, there remains one tremendous barrier that must be overcome. That obstacle is the erroneous attitude people have about the disease called alcoholism. It has been conclusively proven that alcoholism is an illness; not a moral weakness; so those stricken with it should be treated as sick people not as social outcasts. They must be handled with both tenderness and firmness, with understanding and teaching; with medical help and counseling.

On these principles has been founded Pennsylvania's first licensed private alcoholic rehabilitation center. Its name is Livengrin. Located on Hulmeville Road, Eddington, Bucks County, this institution operates under the slogan "Give to us your confidence and we will return to you . . . your life." Since its doors opened on July 12, 1966 thirty persons have given their confidence and have walked out to a new life.

The story of the beautiful mansion that houses Livengrin began in 1912 when John Brice of New York built the home for his Italian-born wife. A private school bought the property in 1935 and the buildings were used for educational purposes until 1945 when the school closed its doors. The building then slowly deteriorated as the ravages of time and vandalism took their toll. Then in 1960 the stately mansion was given a new lease on life. Standish Forde Hansell, head of Hansell-Zook a Philadelphia advertising agency, bought the 45-acre property and began extensive renovating with the thought in mind to convert the house into a nursing home. Along the way Mr. Hansell changed his thinking and decided that an alcoholic rehabilitation center was really what he wanted to create and so Livengrin Foundation, Inc., was established.

From as aesthetic standpoint Mr. Hansell couldn't have chosen a more beautiful location. The grounds are spacious and grandly adorned with lovely trees including an oak reputed to be 450 years old. The house itself is a charming combination of Colonial and Italian architecture all tastefully redecorated by its new owner. Livengrin is completely devoid of any institutional atmosphere while providing the utmost in rehabilitation for the alcoholic.

At the head of the fulltime 'round the clock staff of 12 is Joseph E. Potosnak who, until his appointment to this position, was head of the Alcoholic Division at the Haverford State Hospital. Mr. Potosnak approaches the alcoholic's problem with more than the usual understanding and compassion as he is a self-admitted recovered alcoholic. It is he who counsels the patients and helps them to understand the problem that first led them to the excessive use of alcohol.

Mrs. Harriet Sickel, R.N. is assistant administrator and brings to her work an admirable combination of efficiency and warmth. She greets the patient upon admission and provides medical treatment throughout his four week stay. A doctor is on 24 hour call and is in the building three days

a week in order to maintain a careful watch on the physical condition of each patient. In the near future the doctor will reside on the grounds in his own home as do Mr. Potosnak and Mrs. Sickel and their respective families at the present. Eventually all staff members will live on the premises.

To qualify for admission the patient must arrive sober. He is interviewed by Mr. Potosnak and if he has the proper motivation and desire he may then be accepted. The institution is licensed to house 40 patients and, at this writing, there are 14 men and women undergoing treatment. Future plans call for expanded facilities in order to serve more patients. In addition, Mr. Hansell has nearly completed the installation of a putting green and expects to include a nine-hole course in the near future. Construction of a swimming pool and tennis court are on the immediate agenda and these, added to the other outdoor sports now enjoyed by the patients, will comprise a well-rounded program of physical activity.

Mr. Potosnak conducting a counseling session

It is necessary to understand some of the problems of alcoholism to fully appreciate what is being done at Livengrin. Mr. Potosnak explains that the usual sequence of events leading to alcoholism is that the potential alcoholic has a problem, large or small, with which he cannot cope. He seeks escape through the dulling effects of drink and thus the cycle has begun. His problem is not resolved so he drinks more. As his condition worsens he loses his job, he loses his family and then comes total despair. Livengrin has been established to help the alcoholic before he hits bottom; to give him the assistance he needs to defeat his problem before it reaches overwhelming proportions.

Mrs. Sickel and patients in the comfortable lobby

Forrest Eberle, Community Organization Representative of the Pennsylvania Department of Health agrees with Mr. Potosnak that there is no such thing as a hopeless alcoholic. The old adage that " where there's life there's hope" fits their philosophy aptly. Mr. Eberle serves as adviser and counselor and states that his department heartily endorses the work being done at Livengrin.

The basic aim, as explained by Mr. Potosnak, is to re-educate the alcoholic for living. By the time the alcoholic seeks treatment, chances are that his life has no semblance to normal living so he must be taught again to accept reality and live without alcohol. At Livengrin the treatment is adapted to the individual's needs. The

continued on page 44

Thanksgiving Day 1966

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Thank you for the food we eat;
Thank you for the birds that sing;
Thank you God for everything.

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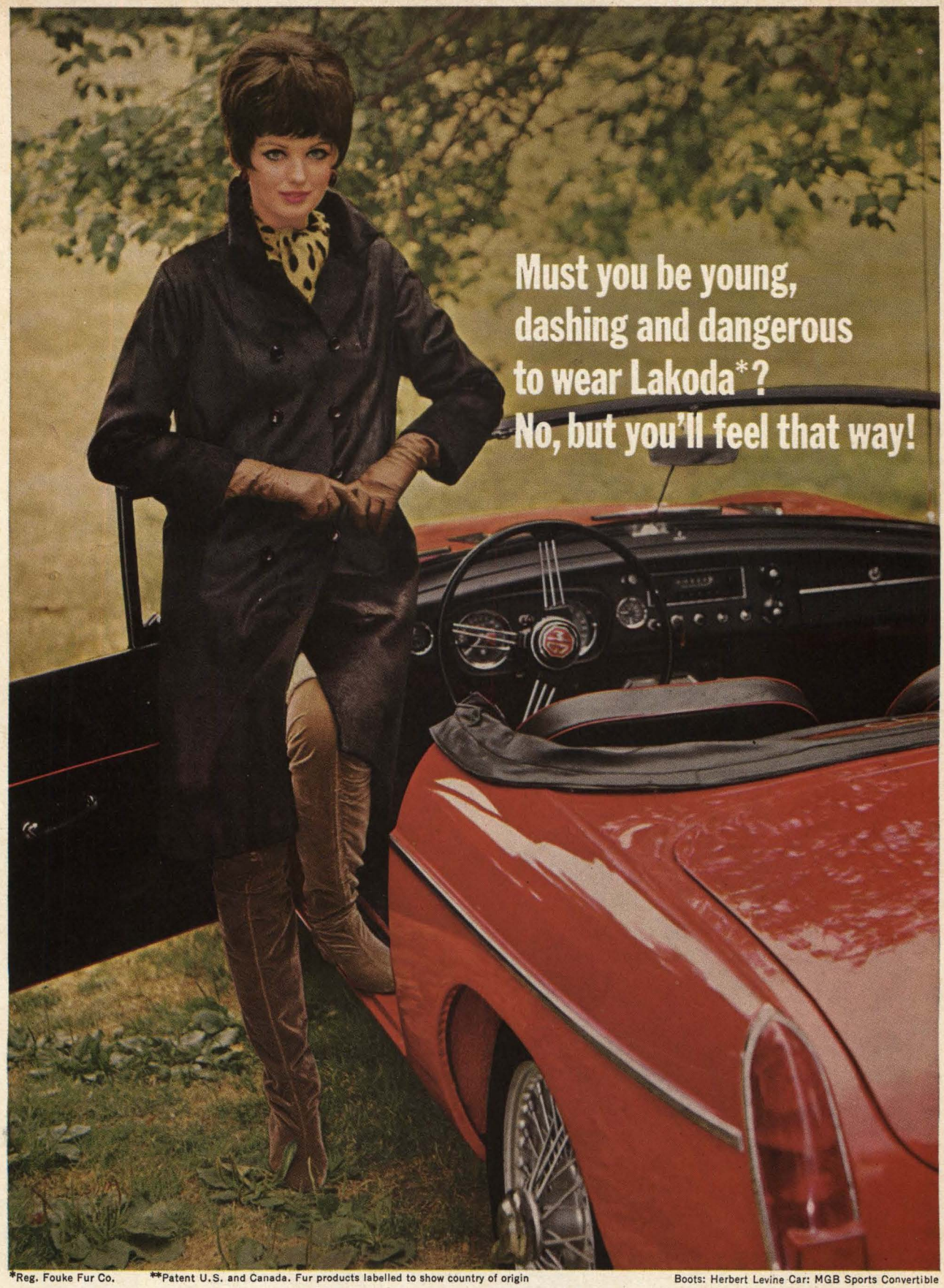

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Bucks County Nature Almanac

by Elias Borden

NOVEMBER

Indians called this the BEAVER or MAD MOON.

All the wild creatures are preparing for the cold winter; north winds are sweeping the hard stubble fields; the month of decrepit old age.

1—Sticktights, burrs, beggarticks, are clinging to your clothing.

2—Vesper Sparrow departs, to winter in southern U.S.

3—Post Oak leaves have taken on the rich red fall color.

4—Lady Thumb is still blossoming pink, dark 'thumb' mark on each leaf.

5—Snapping Turtles are going into the mud for the winter.

6—A few Sunflowers still blossom, most are just seed heads.

7—Pine Siskins are flying south to spend the winter there.

8—Hyla (Peepers) tree frogs are going into winter homes.

9—Gray Birch tree leaves are falling; the long gray trunk sways gracefully with the wind.

10—At 9 p.m. south line passes through constellation Cassiopea, Lady in the Chair, or the W.

11—Great Blue Heron departs to winter in southern U. S.

12—Our breeding Robins move further south along the Gulf Coast.

13—Silver Maple tree branches are bare of leaves.

14—Witch Hazel tree is shooting her seeds — 6, 10, 15, sometimes 30 feet.

15—Purple Finch may be seen, visiting from the north; not purple, but raspberry color.

16—Green Frogs are going into the mud of stream banks and wet meadows for the winter.

17—Catbirds, friend and neighbor, are leaving for winter grounds in southern U.S.

18—Goldfinches are gathered in flocks socializing.

20—Larval forms of the Dusky Salamander may be found.

21—Woodchucks, Groundhogs, are going into their holes for the winter.

22—Gray Squirrels have built winter nests of leaves in trees.

23—Horse Nettle, in fields, has fruited berries of green, then yellow.

24—Catfish are settling into pond bottoms for the winter.

25—Look for the Pine Grosbeak, a rare winter bird visitor.

26—Mourning Cloak butterfly is taking shelter under bark and leaves.

27—Muskrats have prepared a winter lodge with an underwater entrance.

28—Such bees as have not died, have gone into their hives for the winter.

29—English Ivy, on buildings, has assumed its purplish-maroon color.

30—Crayfish have burrowed into the mud to sleep through the cold.

Dates shown for nature observations are approximations only. A sky south line starts from directly overhead.

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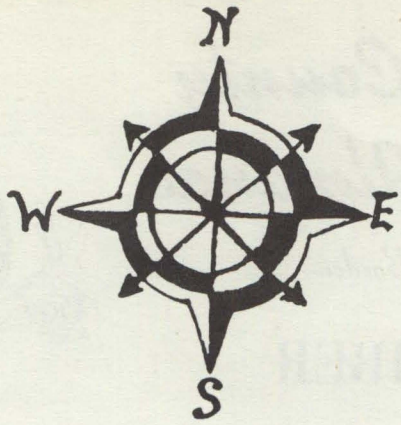

Charles W. Fisher, well known television producer, will produce and direct "The Decision," an award-winning drama about the Crossing of the Delaware, by Ann Hawkes Hutton. The play will open in the Memorial Building at Washington Crossing State Park at 8:30 P.M. on Saturday, November 5, 1966. It will be presented each evening of the following week with the exception of Sunday. Tickets may be obtained at the box office in the Memorial Building. There are no reserved seats.

Six Bucks County governmental agencies concerned with public health participated in a combined exhibit at the Greater Philadelphia Health Fair at Philadelphia's Civic Center. Those agencies participating were the County's Health Department, Institution District, Mosquito Control Program, Park Board, Planning Commission and Public Schools.

Hatboro's business district has acquired another "first" in Kay Wetherill's sweater store on York Road. Called the Clothes Closet; it is the only shop devoted entirely to sweaters in all of Hatboro.

The Bucks County Community College will have to continue expanding its facilities in future decades, County Commissioner Charles M. Meredith, III declared at ground breaking ceremonies at the College. There are now 1,424 students and 4,000 are expected to be enrolled by 1975. He also forcast additional campuses in Upper and Lower Bucks.

Proof of the popularity of Bucks County Parks is the fact that the swimming pools in the parks were used by 47,689 people during the 1966 season. The Park Board will continue to expand and improve the parks to meet the ever-growing needs of the people.

Bucks County Commissioners are giving their full support to the County Health Department in administering and enforcing the County's regulations for dumps and landfills, Joseph O. Canby, Chairman has announced. The Commissioners will not establish a landfill at this time but are prepared to do so immediately if private facilities are not able to meet the County standards. Meanwhile, a ten-month County-wide study by Gilbert Associates of permanent solutions for refuse disposal is proceeding.

Some 50 Bucks County officials toured Lower Bucks County on a 100-mile field trip conducted by the Bucks County Planning Commission, to review current Developments. They saw the old and the new — historic Newtown, Fallsington, and Andalusia, and new apartments, Newtown Industrial Commons and Penn Warner Industrial Park and Salem Harbor. The tour was conducted by Franklin C. Wood, executive director of the Planning Commission, with officials of various departments describing the sites.

A fashion show will be presented by Mafalda in the Victorian Room of the Bucks County Country Club on Thursday November 17 at 8:30 P.M. The show will benefit Tiferes B'nai Israel Synagogue. Call Myrt Scheer at OS 5-3994 for tickets at $1.50.

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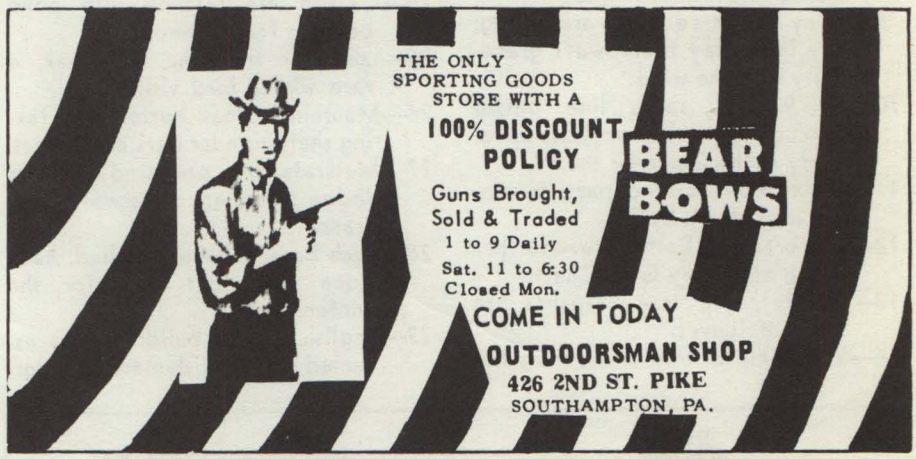

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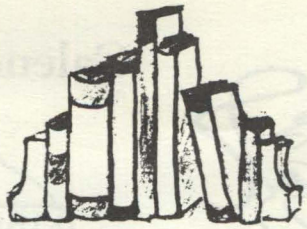

The Literary Scene

Editor's Note: It is with deep regret that we have accepted the resignation of Betty Stedman from her post as Book Review Editor. Betty has been associated with Bucks County Life *for many years and it is not easy to bid farewell to an old friend. However, increased business pressures in her position as head of Stedman Employment Agency, Inc. have made her decision final. We all thank you, Betty, for a job well done. As former Editor and Book Review Editor, you have been the best.*

We welcome in Betty's place F. K. Brown. Mrs. Brown is a novelist of note and we feel very fortunate to have her on our staff.

18 STORIES
Heinrich Boll
McGraw-Hill Book Company
New York $5.50

These are beautiful, sparse, compassionate tales of Everyman and they all contain that note of irony that is Everyman's Fate itself. From the man who laughs for a living on TV and tape to the war veteran who fills his ruined town with flowers to begin his life again, they are wry sagas of a rather terrible world. In a grey, drab town, where children run after trains crying for bread and a man picks dust from his tobacco shreds to roll a cigarette, a great box arrives from Odessa; and you can hope with the townsfolk that it's food or candy or toys for the children. But, alas, the crate contains nothing but sugar tongs, a whole crate full of sugar tongs, and the hopeless adults give them to the children as playthings. Sugar tongs from Odessa.

Mr. Boll is a European writer who is receiving increasing recognition in this country, as well he should. His novel, *The Clown,* was chosen by the American Library Association as one of the notable books of 1965. Intrigued and moved by these stories, this reader is about to embark upon a search for other of Mr. Boll's works.

F. K. BROWN

NARCOTICS—AN AMERICAN PLAN
Saul Jeffee
Paul S. Eriksson, Inc.
New York $5.00

VENEREAL DISEASES
R. S. Morton
Penguin Books Baltimore 95¢

Both these books deal boldly and objectively with two problems that are on the increase in this country, particularly among the young, and both authors are in agreement that since narcotic addiction and venereal disease are closely associated with poverty, overcrowding, broken homes, underemployment they have social as well as medical and legal implications.

Mr. Jeffee contends that since drug addiction increases by 15% every year, we are not coping with the problem and, considering that a kilogram of heroin costs $35 at its source on a Turkish farm and $225,000 diluted in the streets of New York, small wonder! Believing that Federal, state and local efforts are too piecemeal for effectiveness and that the profit must be removed to eliminate the criminal element, he proposes a comprehensive plan to treat the whole addict by treating his mental, medical, and social problems in Community Houses located in areas of high addiction where self-motivated addicts are encouraged to withdraw, while others less motivated are maintained on minimum, free dosages until such time as they can develop sufficient force to kick the habit. His thesis is interesting and makes good sense. Certainly we have a problem, and he offers a detailed solution.

While Mr. Morton's discussion of venereal disease is straightforward, he cannot come up with solutions which are quite as reassuring. However, it is certain no solution will be found if we hide our heads, ostrich-like, from the problem. Mr. Morton's book does a great service by defining it; he examines the history of venereal diseases, discusses how they are contracted, what their symptoms are, how they are treated and how they can be cured and why often they are not. He offers some hope that in the future a solution will be found in preventive measures such as vaccination.

F. K. BROWN

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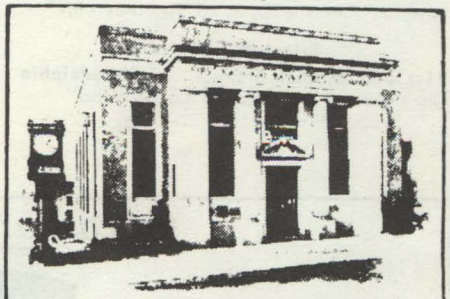

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Entertainment Guide

Forrest Theatre
1114 Walnut St. Philadelphia.
Nov. 8: "My Sweet Charlie"
Nov. 21: "Star Spangled Girl"

Walnut Theatre
9th and Walnut Sts. Philadelphia
Nov. 7: "At the Drop of Another Hat"

Erlanger Theatre
21st and Market Sts. Philadelphia
Until Nov. 12: "Man of La Mancha"

Locust Theatre
Locust Street Philadelphia
Nov. 9: "Che-Chen"

Shubert Theatre
250 S. Broad St. Philadelphia
Until Nov. 18: "Showboat"

Theatre of the Living Arts
334 South St. Philadelphia
Nov. 1 - Dec. 11: "Room Service"

Calendar of Events

Nov. 1-30: NEW HOPE — Art for Christmas. Tuesday to Sunday 1-5 P.M. Parry Barn. Admission Saturday evening.

Nov. 1-30: WASHINGTON CROSSING STATE PARK — Narration and viewing of Washington Crossing the Delaware in Memorial Building Daily at quarter hour intervals.

Nov. 3, 4, 5: NEWTOWN—Antique Show, American Legion Hall, Linden Avenue, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Nov. 5-12: WASHINGTON CROSSING STATE PARK—"The Decision", award-winning drama in the Memorial Building, 8:30 P.M.

Nov. 5-6: ERWINNA — Painting Exhibit, Stover Mill, 2-5 P.M.

Nov. 12-13: ERWINNA — Toleware Exhibit by Dorothy E. Wolfinger, Stover Mill, 2-5 P.M.

Nov. 12-19: LANGHORNE — "The Winslow Boy" presented by the Langhorne Players, The Barn, Bridgeton Pike, 8:30 P.M.

Nov. 19: DOYLESTOWN — Concert by Bucks County Symphony Society, Lenape Junior High School, 8:30 P.M.

Nov. 19: LANGHORNE — Holiday Open House Tour, Four Lanes and Garden Club.

Nov. 19: REIGELSVILLE — Arts and Crafts for Christmas Exhibit, 10 A.M. - 10 P.M. Library and St. Lawrence R. C. Church. Benefit Reigelsville Library Fund.

Nov. 25, 26, 27: ERWINNA—Handicraft for Christmas, Stover Mill, 2-5 P.M.

Nov. 26: QUAKERTOWN — North Penn Stamp Club Show, Richland Historical Society Building, Route 212, 10 A.M. - 10 P.M.

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Upper Bucks

Benetz Inn — 1030 North West End Boulevard, Quakertown.

Breakfast Club — 7th and Arch, Perkasie.

Cascade Lodge—Kintnersville, Pa. Refreshing rural location, offering many distinguished facilities for your relaxation and dining pleasure. Business, social functions and wedding parties graciously catered. Located one mile south of Riegelsville, turn right off Rt. 611. Open Holidays, Sundays, Weekdays, Tuesday through Saturday Phone 346-7484.

Country Inn — 49 Bustleton Pike, Feasterville. Built 1801. Lunch, dinners, cocktails. Closed on Monday.

Cuttalossa Inn — River Road and Cuttalossa Road, Lumberville. Opens in March yearly. Dinner served 5:30 - 9:30 p.m. — Open every day except Sunday. Cocktails. Phone 297-8985.

Delaware Oaks Restaurant — Route 611, Riegelsville. Lunch and dinner. Open seven days.

Ewald's Restaurant—Rt. 611, Riegelsville, Durham Room, Cocktails—Lunch 12 to 2, Dinner 5 to 9:30, Sunday 4 to 9:30. Phone 749-2679.

Ferndale Hotel — Route 611 between Doylestown and Riegelsville. Old inn with turn of the century appeal. Home baked pies.

Four Winds Tavern — Route 611, Revere, north of Ottsville. Open fireplace for chicken and steaks.

The Gobblers Inn—Point Pleasant. Italian menu. Dancing Friday and Saturday. Phone 297-8988.

Indian Rock Hotel — River Road, Upper Black Eddy. Open evenings. Closed Sunday.

Lil's Kitchen—Route 413 and Ferry Road, Gardenville. Open Friday and Saturday from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Open Sunday 12:30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Main Street Restaurant—9 S. Main, Perkasie.

Mayflower Restaurant — 518 Walnut Street, Perkasie.

Meyer's Restaurant—501 N. West End Boulevard, Quakertown. Open daily.

North Penn Bar and Restaurant — 201 W. Broad Street, Quakertown.

Pipersville Inn—Pipersville. Closed Monday. Rec. by Duncan Hines. Phone 766-8540.

Red Barn Inn — 120 N. Main Street, Trumbauersville.

Red Door Restaurant — Adamow Farms, Route 309 above Quakertown.

Red Lion Hotel — 4 South Main Street, Quakertown.

Ringing Rocks Inn — Upper Black Eddy. Open 5 p.m. Dinner - Cocktails. Closed Sunday and Monday. Outdoor patio. Phone 982-8782.

Stony's Richland Inn — Route 309, Quakertown.

Tohickon House—Point Pleasant.

Trainer's Restaurant — Junction U. S. 309, State 313 and 663; 3½ miles east of turnpike exit 32. Open 6:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m. Sunday 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. Cocktail lounge. Dinners about $2.50 to $5.50. Phone KE 6-4375.

Union Hotel — 7th and Chestnut Street, Perkasie.

Washington House Hotel — Main and Temple Ave., Sellersville.

Lower Bucks

Brick Hotel — State Street and Washington Avenue, Newtown.

Bristol Motor Inn — the Buckingham Room and Elbow Room features a fine restaurant and cocktail lounge with traditional cuisine for all meals

Buck Hotel—Feasterville. Old time inn with a chummy bar. L. D. moderately priced. Phone ahead for special dishes. Cheese cake delicious. Expert catering. EL 7-1125.

Duffy's Inn — 1220 York Road, Hartsville. Business lunch 11:30 to 2 p.m. 5 course dinners from 5:30 to 9 p.m.; special Sunday dinners 1 p.m.-9 p.m. Italian dishes. Banquets and parties. Phone OS 5-9848.

The Fiesta — 2636 Bristol Pike, Eddington. Open 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Banquets for 20 to 500 people. Cocktails.

Fireside Inn — 93 Old York Road, Warminster. Dinners 4 to 11. Cocktails, Continental Cuisine. Phone OS 5-9893.

Flannery's - Man-sized meals that will delight the slim-line gals. Steaks, Chops, Seafood — charcoal broiled. Paintings by well known Bucks County artists to enjoy while you dine. U. S. Route 1, Penndel, Pa. SK 7-3757.

Fu Mei Restaurant—4520-26 Newportville Road, Levittown. Chinese and American food.

George Washington Motor Lodge—U. S. 1, Trevose.

Glen Lake Inn — Route 213 off Route 1, Langhorne. Open till 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday till 12 p.m. Snacks till 1:30 a.m. Dinners. Cocktail lounge. Phone WI 5-4092.

Golden Horse Inn — Route 1 and Street Road, Trevose. Food and drink. Banquets, weddings, graduations, etc. up to 350 people. Phone ME 9-6777.

Continental Hotel — 2 Main St., Yardley.

De Grand Restaurant — Route 13 below Green Lane. Duncan Hines recommended.

Delaware House — 102 Radcliffe Street, Bristol. Closed Sunday.

Goodnoe Farm — Delicious luncheons, dinners. Specialize in their own "Toll Gate" ice cream in a great variety of flavors. At the intersection of Rt. 413 and 532.

The Homestead Restaurant (Lavender Hall)—2 miles N. E. of Newtown on State Route 532. Open noon to 2:30 p.m. and 4:30 to 8:30 p.m. Closed Monday and Christmas. Buffet Weds. and Thurs. night; buffet lunch Weds., Thurs., and Sat. Dinners $3.00 to $7.00 — Cocktail lounge. Phone WO 8-3888.

Holland House Inn — Buck Road, Route 532 between Feasterville and Newtown. Lunch, Dinner, Late Supper. Music and Dancing Friday and Saturday nights. Open Sunday.

The Old Mill — Horsham Road, Hatboro. Lunch, Dinner, Cocktails.

Heiser's Little Hofbrau — Rt. 263, Jamison, Beer Garden.

Jack Hansen's Inn — West Trenton Avenue, Morrisville. Opens 11:30 a.m. Phone CY 5-5179.

Howard Johnson Restaurants — Routel, Langhorne; Route 13, Edgely Road, Levittown; Turnpike Restaurant, Trevose.

Keystone Hotel — Mill and Bathe Streets, Bristol. Cocktails 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sunday. Spec. children's platters. Italian food. Reasonable prices. Phone ST 8-5276.

Landy's — Fairless Hills Shopping Center.

O'Boyles — Route 13 at Beaver Dam Road, Bristol. Open daily and Sunday 7 a.m. to 12 p.m. Private

room available. Banquets and parties Phone ST 8-1743.

Pennsbury Inn — Bordentown Ferry Road, Morrisville. Lunch 12 to 3 p.m.; dinner 5 to 10 p.m. 6 Banquet rooms. 12 to 350 persons. Music Friday and Saturday. Cocktail lounge. Phone CY 5-5984.

Pine Tree Inn, Inc.—146 Bustleton Pike, Feasterville.

The Pines — Redcliffe Street and Farragut Ave., Bristol.

Red Lion Inn—Frankford and Cityling Roads, Andalusea. Open daily.

Sherwood House — Route 1 at 13, Morrisville. Cocktails. Banquets. Phone CY 5-2200.

Shubert Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge — Route 1, Langhorne. Dinners to 9 p.m. A la carte, 12 p.m. Luncheon. Phone SK 7-2941.

Temperance House — 5 S. State Street, Newtown. Breakfast served from 6:45 a.m.; Sundays from 9:00 a.m.; weekday dinner and luncheon served from 12:00 to 2:30 p.m. 5 to 8:00 p.m.; Sunday dinner served from 12:30 to 7 p.m. Banquets. Closed Monday. Phone WO 8-3341.

The Village Inn — 2nd Street Pike and Hampton Road, Southampton.

The Victorian Room — Route 263 Jamison at Bucks County Country Club. Dinner 5:30 to 8:30, Sunday 2:30 to 8:30. Dancing Saturday nights. Closed Monday and Tuesday.

Warminster Manor — 544 York Road, Warminster.

Warrington Diner - Restaurant — 711 Easton Road, Neshaminy. Open 7 days. 24 hours. Medium prices. Family service.

Warrington Inn—Route 611, Warrington. Closed Sunday. Luncheon, dinner, cocktails. Wedding receptions and banquets. Phone DI 3-0210.

White Hall Hotel — 129 S. State Street, Newtown. Age of building—1796; inn since 1843. Open six days a week. Cocktail lounge and bar.

Yardley Inn—River Road at Yardley. Luncheon and Dinner. Seafood and steaks. Groups to 50. Cocktails. Phone HY 3-3800.

Bristol Road Manor—Bristol Road, Warrington.

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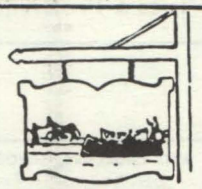

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Tow Path House — Mechanic St. at Canal, New Hope. Open noon to 9:30 p.m.; Sunday 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Monday. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner. Outdoor terrace, charcoal steaks and chops. Dinners about $3.25 to $5.50. Phone 862-2784.

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continued from page 5

Ivan Stiles, the creator of our cartoon strip "Toadstool" says, "Kay as a person is extremely clever with a terrific sense of humor, and Kay as an editor is marvelously discriminating with very good taste."

It is impossible for me to do anything except admire her.

Her other admirers include Advertising Manager Debbie Knittweis, who has known Kay longer than the rest of us have. Debbie, with evident sincerity says, "Kay is an exceptional person, extremely honest and a real true friend. You can trust her completely. She's excellent at her job because she has great enthusiasm along with tremendous conscientiousness and a sense of perfection."

Juvenile Editor, Daphne Hogstrom, feels that Kay has a "champagne approach as a writer—a lovely bubbly wit." Daphne bubbles over herself when it comes to Kay. "I am grateful to her as an editor. I trust her judgement completely. She is efficient, organized and helpful—marvelously helpful. And she is acute in her criticism. Kay is a lovely combination of exceeding vivaciousness and intensity. But her outstanding characteristic is her ability to establish empathy with each individual."

Just as she is no ordinary person, Kay is no ordinary editor. She is able to understand her readers and exercise good editorial judgement, maintain a set of professional relationships with a group that is notoriously temperamental, work on an impossible time schedule and wind up with everyone on her side. She is also an excellent business woman and saleswoman for whom I know no match.

Bucks County Life will be the finest publication of its kind. Kay says, "Nothing's going to stop me because I couldn't have a better group of people working for me." And since all of us believe that we couldn't have a better editor working for us, I believe her.

Editor's note: When this series was agreed upon, the writers all consented to be interviewed by Maggie with the provision that the Editor go first. They also forced me to agree to accept anything she may write about me. Now, as I sit here typing with a pencil held between my teeth because my hands are shackled behind me, I can only say thank you to all for their nice comments. However, my favorite line is the one that states that I couldn't have a better group. That statement I know is true. The rest of what Maggie wrote makes me blush and hope that I have earned it.

continued from page 13

of Potato and Grand Marnier Flang—the latter being a "kind of custard dessert" she says, gesturing helplessly in the translation.

"This is my goal in life," she goes on, matter-of-factly, and gesturing again, takes in, it would seem, some of her surroundings — the black-and-white checkered tablecloths, the rose-colored walls replete with photographs, the planked floors, the long buffet-lunch table, the cocktail bar, the main dining area, the placards and murals contributing to the romantic decor, the bucolic atmosphere of the hills and trees, the river and its rapids — and even the Flamenco violin player from Barcelona who, "keeps it international" she laughs. "This might not be good for the figure", she finishes, "but I'm having fun . . . "

Good food, good wine, good times —projections of the French "love of life" philosophy. Odette, rest assured, is conscious of this philosophy and renews it every day — in her Bali Hai utopia on the Delaware.

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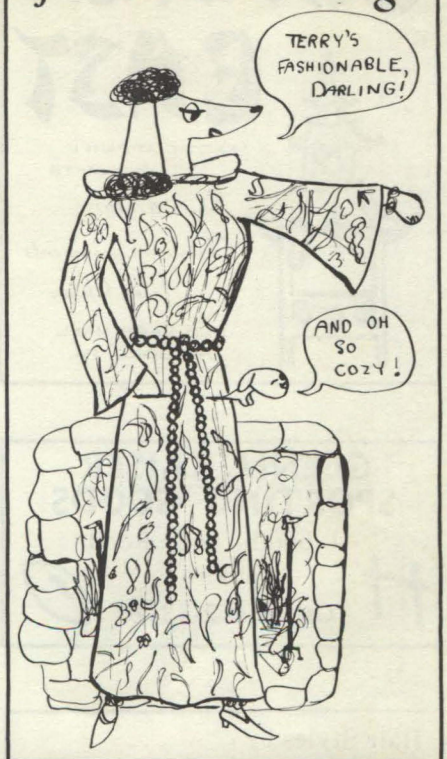
of Peddler's Village



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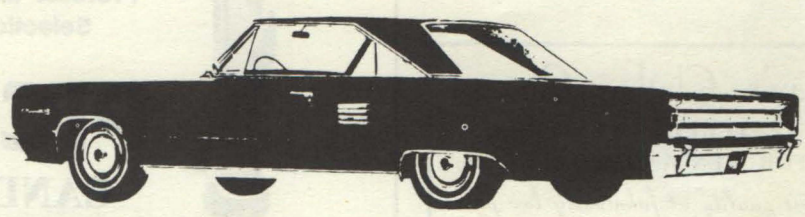

I. M. Jarrett & Son, Inc.

Old York Road, Hatboro
OS 2-4100

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America and built a palace at Bordentown. It is not surprising to learn he was a frequent visitor at the Keene mansion. He would glide down the Delaware on his eight-oared barge and dock at the Keene landing with great pomp and ceremony. Many an evening he dined and wined at the glimmering crystal and silver settings in the oval room. Many an hour he told tales by the snapping fire in the great salon. Often he played at chess or listened to tinkling tunes from the gleaming grand piano in the tall-ceilinged parlor.

It is reputed he looked longingly into the soulful eyes of the lovely Sarah. But she was never to be more than a friend to Joseph Bonaparte.

Whom did Sarah Lukens Keene marry? No one. She gave her heart, it is said, to a man from the hustling city of Philadelphia. A bourgeois man who made beer. Sarah's father put a flat refusal to the courting of Sarah by the beer-maker. Such unworthy a suitor was not to be considered.

The man left Bristol and the gleaming halls of the Keene mansion. And Sarah's eyes never sparkled again. Eventually she was alone in the echoing house. There were no more duellists, no more kings at her hearthside, no more balls and dinners of state. Only the shade trees trembling in cold-fingered winds outside the windows and the still ivory keys of the piano.

Her will said a lot. A lot about loneliness. It left her mansion to the Episcopal Church to be used to care for and house unmarried gentlewomen.

Today only the river winds brush the grass that was once hers. The lapping of gentle waves tell the story of Bristol's 19th century beauty along the shore where once her satin-slippered feet stepped on and off Bonaparte's barge. The shade trees still hover over Radcliffe Street and recall that once the clicking of swords shattered the night silence on that lawn.

But memories of all these past happenings still haunt the thoughts of many in Bristol. People who recall the Keene mansion. People who knew the old house. People who recall the strange sounds and the eerie moods of the house which gave it the name it carried for decades: the Haunted House of Bristol.

One of those people is Mattie. Mattie lives today on Race Street in Bristol. She was born there 75 years

continued on page 41

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Ample Parking Rear of PNB

continued from page 8

try survival — earned respect and gratitude and livelihood from his fellow townsmen. The development of machines, the improvement of transportation and the modern technology has changed all of this. Yet the spirit of creativity clings to man and makes him seek the satisfaction of forming, molding, cutting, smoothing, assembling for himself. And there is still a neighbor or townsman who would like to surround himself with a home that is more than the product of the machine with all its slickness and shine.

The Bucks County Guild of Craftsmen provides fellow-craftsmen with experienced advice from other members as well as opportunities to sell the products of the shop in group sales. Once a year, the chapter holds its Craft Sale in New Hope, allowing only those craft products to be sold that meet the high standards required of members' work. Pottery, jewelry, woodwork, weaving, candles, ironwork, glass and many other types of crafts are tastefully displayed for the public to see and buy. Members also take part in other local shows at Tinicum and Stover's Mill, or in special shows in other areas.

The biggest show in Pennsylvania is the Stroudsburg Crafts Show which takes place at the East Stroudsburg State College in the middle of August. Arrayed in the large gymnasium are booths from all of the chapters of the Guild with work of their own members displayed for sale. Craftsmen bring their tools and materials and "set up shop" in the gym to show visitors how they work and how the things they make are designed and produced. Central to the whole area is a Juried Show of items made by members of the Guild which have been submitted to a jury of craftsmen and judged on design and craftsmanship. These pieces are the best work of the craftsmen and are displayed with great and justifiable pride. There are prizes awarded in many categories and most of the items are also for sale.

For four short days, the craftsmen of the Guild from all over Pennsylvania gather together to provide the visitor to the show with the real thrill of fine craftsmanship and personal relationship to the craftsman himself. Here again, much of the value to the craftsman is not the sales, although these are heartwarming, but the opportunity to meet and compare notes and ideas with fellow craftsmen. This year over 100 craftsmen took active part in the show and the sales topped $7000 for the first time in the nineteen years of the show.

Closely allied to the traditions and materials of the past, but keenly aware of the challenges of modern technology and new materials, the Guild has established standards which must be met by craftsmen in their work if it is to be accepted in any Guild-sponsored show. Individual members are counseled on work submitted that is not up to the standards, and they are encouraged to go home and try again. Those who come with problems are helped to find solutions and those who are just beginning are given advice as to where to get books and training in their particular area of interest. These are the purposes set forth in the Constitution of the State and local Guild groups. The strength and influence of the Bucks County Guild of Craftsmen on the quality of craftsmanship presented to the public in the county would be hard to measure, but one thing is sure, that influence is for creative quality of first caliber.

For information concerning the Bucks County Chapter of the Pennsylvania Guild of Craftsmen, contact:
Ray Ulrich, President
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R.D.2, Perkasie, Pa.

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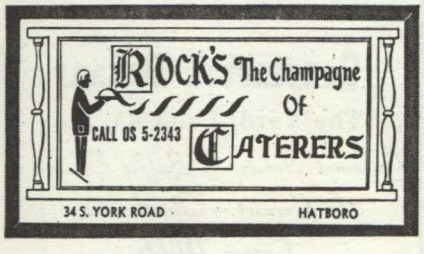

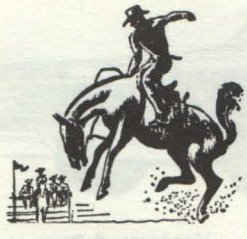
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continued from page 21

Q. *What are your plans for the future?*

A. Future plans? Well, there are a couple of film possibilities in the making, but nothing I could speak of specifically. They're nice things to look forward to if they happen. One of my biggest dreams is to have a show of my own on broadway.

Q. *Do you have any marital plans?*

A. Well not that I'd like to speak of at this moment. Marriage is the kind of thing that if it is meant to happen, it will happen.

Q. *Would you leave show business to have a family?*

A. No, I'd definitely stay in the business. I used to think that it would be impossible for one to keep one's career going, and maintain a family and a happy married life. But I recently found out that if things are set up properly, and your mate has the right outlook on your career, things can work out beautifully. My children, if I had children, would be included in the things that I did so they could experience it too.

Q. *Did you enjoy growing up in a show business family?*

A. Yes, but people don't realize in many show business families children do not really know as much about the business as others think they do. We were sheltered a great deal from it. But we were introduced to certain aspects of it, and there's nothing that traumatic about growing up in a show business family. People forget that everybody does something for a living, and it just so happens that some people entertain. But that doesn't make their way of life that much different from anybody else.

Q. *Would you like to see any of your future children go into the business?*

A. Oh yes! I think it would be marvelous.

Q. *Do you think your father helped you get into show business?*

A. I feel that it was pretty much on my own. If he had lived, I'm sure there are some things that he could have done, but I don't think I would have wanted it that way. Granted, being the son or daughter of the name has a certain advantage but at the same time it has a certain disadvantage. Kids that have parents in the business tend to mimic them, they are so much attuned to what there parents did, it becomes a problem. With me it's not as much of a problem because I'm not a vocalist. I sing, but only in a show, I wouldn't record.

Q. *What do you remember most fondly about your father?*

A. I think mainly that his whole idea about life and living is that one should always be himself, and he really impressed me that way. All the times I saw him with different people, he was always as I knew him as my father. It was very funny because I could see him as the great entertainer that he was, and as my father. I'm trying to incorporate the same thing into my life, because to be yourself is really important. I see no reason to build up little fantasies about one's self.

And that is Carol Cole.

Almshouse Ceramic Corner

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CERAMICS, SUPPLIES & GIFTS
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Gwen Ozenberger

continued from page 16

food, and has tantrums just like a naughty child. Kicks his legs and everything! And there's a skunk, and a couple of minks—and, oh yes! You'll get to see Rapunzel again." With her free, swinging walk Laurie bounced away into the crowd.

So the party itself was over. But there was still lots of fun to come: — the show in the "pit"; the other animals, both loose and caged; the souvenir stands; the refreshment counters; the animal statues to climb up and sit upon; and the key that turned on the Talking Story Book box, where a voice told interesting facts about the various animals.

Just as eight grubby, weary, happy children, together with Jon's grubby, weary and happy parents, were ready to fall into their station wagon and roll away home — a small guest piped up:

"I want *my* birthday party here next year! My birthday's at the end of April. Is the Birthday House open then? Will they give me a party here, do you think?"

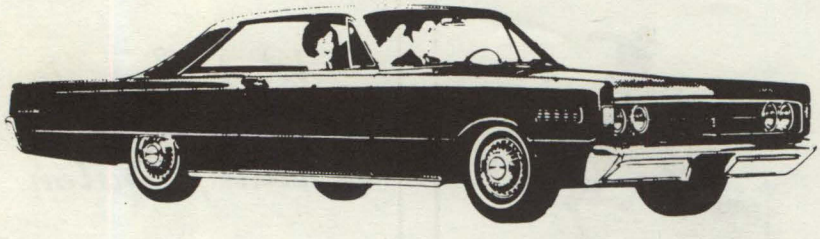
Mr. William Maloney, the zoo superintendent, kindly answered all these questions.

"We open the second Sunday in April, and close about the third Sunday in October," he said. "And, since we hold from five to eight parties a day — there'll be no trouble at all. But," he added, smiling down — "be sure and make your reservations in plenty of time. Just call the zoo, and we'll give you all the necessary information."

"Then we'll see you next year," the youngsters called happily.

"Good-bye, Bessie! Good-bye, Laurie! Thanks for a wonderful party!"

Bessie, busily setting up a party table, waved a birthday napkin at them. And Laurie, walking a baby elephant — waved her elephant stick.



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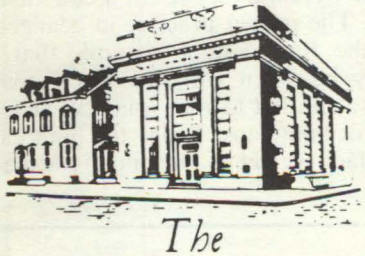

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ago just back of where the colored Baptist Church stands now. Today her gray hair frames a dark and strong face which smiles graciously at you as she talks. Her posture is straight; her manner dignified, yet warm. Pensively she reflects back on the years she spent in the Keene mansion. Not one of the caretakers would stay there without Mattie.

"It is understandable," she says with a gentle nod of her head. "There was no place more — more shivering and eerie at night than that house."

What did she experience there? What everyone who lived there in recent years did. Footsteps treading distinctly across the floors. Doors opening in the dead of night and clicking shut. Dishes rattling in the kitchen. All sounds and echoes that made one *sure* someone was walking the house at night. But when a light was snapped on — no one would be there. One of the caretakers slept with lights on; few slept at all. It was more than common that two or more would be awake in the night and sit up together. Then the sounds would commence again. One time the snapping of firm steps on the walk outside the house on the river side stalked back and forth all night.

Was this one of the duellists? Did he seek the man who killed him in the darkness of the night so long ago? Was it Bonaparte pacing the walk waiting for the lovely mistress of Keene mansion? Does Sarah tread the rooms of her old home, seeking her lost lover?

No one knows the cause of the hauntings, nor who it was who restlessly stirred through the mansion. Perhaps it was all the people who spent happy or sad hours in the magnificent home. In the late years of the last century, the Keene mansion was so feared for its hauntings, no one would walk past it. People would cross the street, then back again. Mattie recalls this well.

The newspapers of the day recorded that weird green lights were seen flickering from room to room on darkest nights. It was said to be the ghost of Joseph Bonaparte, moving from room to room, lantern in hand, revisiting the scenes and the lovely hostess he admired so much.

Look when you walk along the river's edge behind the Grundy library. Are those green lights shimmering from the water reflections or phosphorous glows? Or are they from the lantern of Bonaparte's ghost as he glides on his barge away from a happy evening, drinking to the sparkling eyes of Sarah Lukens Keene?

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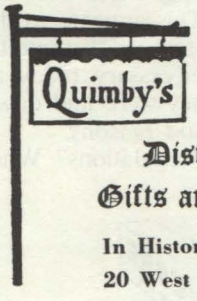

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continued from page 11

Radnor.

One of the most recent, but today considered one of the most outstanding hunts in America, is the Huntingdon Valley club. Originally, in 1914, the club was organized and was active in Huntingdon Valley—hence its name. In recent years, due to the growth of suburbia, the club's meetings have pushed up into the still spacious countryside of Bucks. Their hunts are known as one of the prettiest sights in the county. Their members are appreciated for their consideration of others' rights—those of motorists, landowners and crop-raising farmers. They never hunt without specific permission to cross private as well as state-owned property.

The hunt's manual makes regard of these considerations mandatory. The hunter must be careful not to harm lands, fences, hedges. He must be careful of the hounds to avoid risk of his horse's hooves stepping on them. He must at all times obey the Master's instructions, respond quickly when he is called upon and listen attentively to the signals of the hunting horn and the possible cry, warning that the Huntsman or Master is coming through. The field member, the instant he hears the cry, "Make way for the Masters!", must move aside immediately to permit passage.

The customs of the hunt remain today as rigid as of old. For good purpose, too. The proper dress is of utmost importance. This appears to the uninformed to be senseless etiquette. Actually, it is as necessary today as the era in which they were laid down —for the same good reasons.

What are these regulations? What is the hierarchy scheme?

The answers are as definitive as the demanded protocol of the diplomatic corps in Washington D.C. The head of the hunt club (an elected office) is the Master of the Fox Hounds. Sometimes (as with the present hunt membership of Huntingdon Valley) the leadership is shared. There are two Masters: Co-Masters of the Fox Hounds. They are in charge of the hunt.

Close upon their leadership in authority on the day of the hunt is the Huntsman. He is the man in charge of the hounds. He controls them with his horn and the sound of his voice. He is aided by, usually, two Whippers In. The Huntsman and, at least, one Whipper In are customarily professionals.

Who wears the scarlet coats (often referred to as "pinks" by old tradition because the English tailor who popularized them in the early 1800's was named Pink)? Only the Masters, Huntsmen and Whippers In. Logically, so they can be clearly seen. Actually, because they are a badge of merit. This custom of receiving the right to wear the scarlet is known as being "awarded the colors of the Hunt." This happens when a member has proven his proficiency in the field to the Masters. The "colors" of a hunt club pertain to the collar of the jacket. It varies from club to club, as the color of the Rose Tree Hunt is brown with yellow piping and so forth. With the Huntingdon Valley Hunt it is blue.

Along with the habit requirements go the rules for the proper hat. These established rules are as traditional and fine in point as the smallest rule set down by Emily Post for good manners. The proper practice in headgear for the formal hunt requires that a derby be worn with the black coat. Those entitled to wear pink, wear top hats or hunt caps. Today the hunt cap of black velvet is the most popular.

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The hunt cap is never worn by a member in the field. The hunt cap, itself, has its regulations. If it is worn by a professional, the small bow at the back goes up. If the cap is worn by a Master, the bow goes downwards. A woman, if the wife of a master, is permitted to wear a dark blue habit.

These charming old-world customs persist for occasions other than the meetings in the field. For a formal dinner get-together, the men wear "tails" of scarlet. The invitation for such a gala affair reads at the bottom, delightfully: "Scarlet—if convenient."

The events followed on the hunt are formal rituals also. The hunt commences with a very old custom called "The Blessing of the Hounds." All the members alight from their horses and stand, heads bowed, as a minister performs a short service blessing the fox hounds. In another moment, the Huntsman is milling the hounds about him, as he sounds his horn. His Whippers In flank him, ready to aid. The members of the field await eagerly on restless horses. The whole atmosphere is charged with anticipation. Then the hunting horn is sounded by the Huntsman—two short quivering notes signifying the start of the hunt—and the whole, scarlet-dotted, breathtaking group is off, across fields, roads, ditches, hedges and fences. It will not stop until the hunting horn sounds again the signal for the end of the hunt, some four or five hours later.

In conclusion, one more step in fox hunting etiquette follows: the Hunt Breakfast. This year the breakfast will be at the meeting's starting point—the estate of one of the Co-Masters, Thomas Ashbridge, III in Pineville. The other Master is Edward E. Marshall, Jr. The Huntsman is Fulmor Miller of Doylestown.

In all this custom, glamour and excitement, how does the fox make out? Very well. Rarely is he ever caught. No one, reports Master Marshall, likes a fox hunt any better than the fox. He is a sporting animal who enjoys the chase as thoroughly as any rider or hound. He also knows how to out-run and out-wit every other creature about him. He knows his talents, too. One of his favorite code of manners is to stop every so often, turn and regard the hunters, then take off again.

Masters have seen a fox go back and forth and pass his hole two or three times before deciding he's had enough fun for the day and retires permanently into its unreachable depths.

And there he'll stay until he gets bored with the lack of fun and frolic and one day hears again the familiar hunting horn summon him to give chase.

That is when you'll see the countryside dotted with streaking forms, baying hounds, bright spots of scarlet and hear the stirring cry, "Make way for the Masters!"

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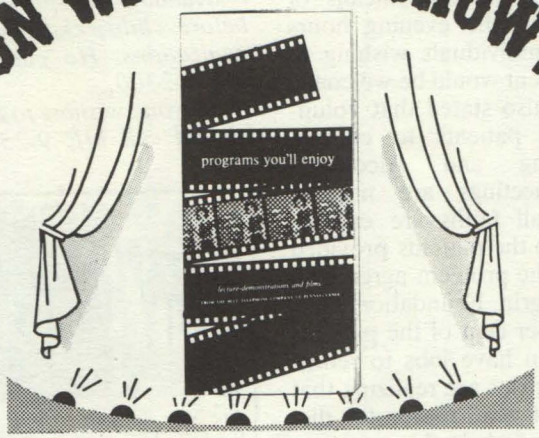

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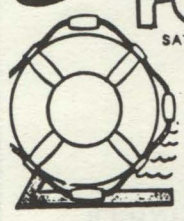

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continued from page 23

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There are three counseling sessions a day conducted in the beautifully redecorated lower level of the home. The morning session is an educational discussion and the evening meeting is an explanation of the new way of life the patient must adopt. Four afternoons a week, a group therapy session is held where the alcoholics talk about themselves and their failings and draw strength and confidence from each other. Each patient is given one hour's private counseling a week to assist him in his personal struggle. Twice a week a film or tape on alcoholism is presented and three afternoons a week there is occupational therapy under the direction of a qualified therapist. Here the patients try their hand at art, copper work, modeling and sewing.

These activities are conducted six days a week and are intended to keep the guest busy while overcoming his addiction. There is no valet service or maid service and each patient makes his own bed, cares for his personal laundry and keeps his room in order. All of this is done in the interest of helping him learn again about normal living.

Outside influences are important during this crucial time in the alcoholic's life so patients are permitted to leave the grounds if properly chaperoned for such things as shopping expeditions and trips to the hairdresser or barber shop. The guests are provided with every possible means of recreation during the evening hours but groups or individuals wishing to offer entertainment would be welcome. Mr. Potosnak also stated that volunteers to drive patients to church, church meeting and Alcoholics Anonymous meetings are needed. Clergymen of all faiths are encouraged to speak to the patients provided their views on the problem agree with those of Livengrin Foundation.

Ninety-nine per cent of the patients leaving Livengrin have jobs to return to because industries are realizing that this illness is not valid reason for dismissal and prefer to help the employee recover rather than lose their investment in him. Livengrin is offering its program to industry to help salvage the man under pressure who is all too prone to drift into alcoholism. Mr. Potosnak says that we live in a drinking society and it is inevitable that alcoholism will continue to rise because more people have more money to spend and more leisure time in which to spend it.

It is estimated that there are presently between 6½ and 10 million alcoholics in the United States and at least another 4 million who are the hidden alcoholics. Many women fall into this category and the answer to the problem is to seek help and bring about a recovery. There is no cure for alcoholism but there is recovery. That means that the alcoholic, in order to stay sober, may never again take another drink because that one drink is all that is needed to trigger the physical reactions that will lead to another siege of drinking. In Mr. Potosnak's words, "Every recovered alcoholic is one drink away from being a drunk." That is a fact with which he must live every day of his life. But if he has had the good fortune to be treated at Livengrin, that life is *worth* living without alcohol.

When Mr. Hansell named the estate "Livengrin" he meant just that. The rooms are adorned with many paintings of happy clowns because he feels they personify the spirit of Livengrin. Smile, grin, be happy, face your problem and solve it. It's worth a try.

Patients at Livengrin are covered by Blue Cross, Blue Shield and Intercounty Hospitalization.

Joseph E. Potosnak, administrator, is available for speaking engagements before clubs, church groups and organizations. He can be reached at ME 9-2300.

Anyone wishing to assist in any way should call ME 9-2300.

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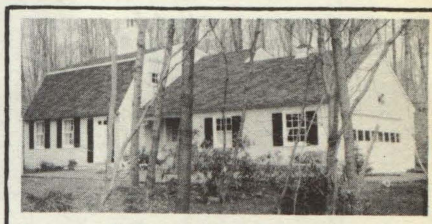

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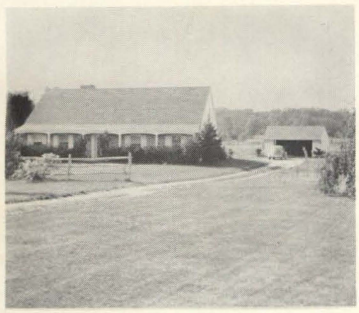

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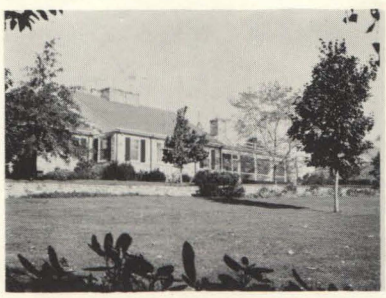

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